

Wit and Mirth:
O R, C. 117. 4/19
P I L L S
TO PURGE
Melancholy ;
B E I N G

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice or Instru-
ment, many of the SONGS being new Set.

With several New SONGS by Mr. D'Ursey.

Also, an Addition of Excellent P O E M S.

The Second P A R T.

The first kind Dose may purge off Dregs impure,
And fit the sickning Body for a Cure ;
But should no Second *Pills* the Cure compleat,
Disease would rally, and regain its Seat,
Deriding the Physician's thoughtless Care,
Who could not perfect what he could Prepare.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *William Pearson*, for *Henry Playford* at his
Shop in the Temple-Charge, 1700.

Price Bound, 2 s. 6 d.

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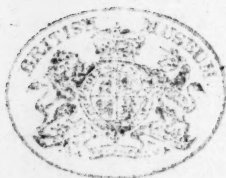
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X
To my much Esteemed Friend, Mr. Benjamin Ruffhead, of Chatham, and now Steward of the Musick-Club at Rochester.
Sir,

HAVING had that Success in my first Collection, as to Entitle my Second to a Patron, I could cast my Eye on no one so capable of Protecting it as Your self. The great Love You have for things of this Nature, and the great Satisfaction You take in 'em at leisure Hours, have made me add to my diligence, in compiling something which might be worthy of Your Acceptance: And I am bold to affirm, if the Best Masters Ancient and Modern, may deserve a favourable Reception; if a Collection of the most Valuable Pieces of this Age (which are adapted to the Title I have given it) if SONGS of as many different Natures as there are Tempers in the World, may prevail for Your Patronage, I cannot but assure my self of it. And I shall think my pains well bestow'd in the Service of the Publick, if I shall have the satisfaction of being Honour'd with the Title of a Well-wisher to the General Diversion, and be acknowledg'd for

S I R,

Your most Humble Servant,

Henry Playford.

The Publisher to the
R E A D E R.

THE *PILLS* which I Publish'd some time since, having had their desired Effect, and been successful in their Operation, by discharging those Distempers from the Reader's Stomach which they were intended to Purge off, I could not but think my self oblig'd to compleat his Cure, by giving him something to prevent any Attacks which Melancholy shall make on him for the Future. It's an Epidemical Distemper, and is likely, without some Preservative against it, to grow upon our *English* Constitutions, as long as Disappointments, Poverty, &c. shall have a Being amongst us. This has induc'd me to employ my continued Labours to compose Medicines, which shall not only remove it when it has taken Possession of our Minds, but keep it at such a distance, that it shall be render'd incapable of making any Lodgments in 'em at all. And as my Father before has spared no Cost or Pains to oblige the Publick, so I shall make it my endeavour to come up to his Example, what ever Disappointments I may meet with, either from the Baseness of some, who pretend to the like Performances, or the Injustice of others.

And

And as for my *Pills*, I dare avouch 'em to be made up of the best Ingredients, and the greatest variety of things fit to expell Melancholy, as ever was, or ever will be made Publick; and if these second Endeavours have the same Success as my first, the World shall be oblig'd with two more such Volumes, as shall make it the most diverting and compleat Collection which is possible any Age can produce. The words of the Songs which are New, are written by the best Authors, and set to Musick by the best Masters; and those which are Old, have their Rust generally fil'd from 'em, which cannot but make 'em very agreeable. The variety must needs be entertaining to the several Tempers the Buyers are of, the Price of 'em so little, and the Volume so small, that both are proportionable to most People's Pockets and the design of Publishing 'em so just, that the Reader will soon find, I prefer'd his Satisfaction to my own Interest.

But I detain the Reader, and keep him from the sight of a Treasure, whose Inestimable Compositions need nothing to be said in their Commendation, but are the best Panegyricks to themselves. I shall therefore lay open the rich Cabinet, and leave him to conclude with me, that their Tempers are without hopes of taking satisfaction in any thing of this nature, who do not give that their approbation, which has merit in it enough to recommend it to this Age, and Mirth enough to make it the entertainment of that which is to come.

To my Friend, Mr. Playford; On the Publication of his Second Book of Pills.

(absurd,

Friend *Harry*, to prove that your Thoughts were
For supposing I could not be true to my Word,
According to Promise, which I made long ago,
At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two
In the praise of your *Pills*, and tho my Verse late is,
Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.

By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potion,
That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion;
And if you would lend me, (that's give) a *Jacobus*,
I'm perswaded I could not take Pill *Ex duobus*:
However, since yours have no Turpentine flavour,
Nor confine a Man close to his righteous behaviour,
Since no bitter Ingredients give offence to my Palate,
But they please me like Cheese which is toasted, or Sallad,
I'll quit making Faces, to write Panegyrick,
Tho I'm not half so fit for't as *M.* for *Lyrick*.

To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,
Your *Pills* will ne'er bring one to Stool of Repentance,
But will chase away Sorrow, which will hang on our brows,
As a pretty young Girl does a Batchelors Vows,
Who at sight of her Beauty, drowns the thoughts of mis-
And Perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage. (carriage,

They're

They're a cure for a Fav'rite who has adled his Senses,
And has lost our good word by getting his Prince's.
The thoughtful good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,
Because he's remov'd from the Council and Court,
At the taste of your Med'cines shall resign up his Grief,
And bless his Retirement, and bless your Relief.
All Conditions and Sexes in Country and City,
From the would be thought Wise, to the really Witty,
From the Lady who speaks all her words as in Print,
And has Eyes which strike Fire like a Steel and a Flint,
To the Damsel whose Language is coarse as her Skin,
And who fain would be dabling, but starts at the Sin,
As she stares at, and covets the thing call'd a Man,
And she thinks she could do what her Ladyship can.
From the prodigal Cit, who's a settling the Nation,
To the poor Country Thrasher, who's as great in his
(Station.
From their Squireships and Knighthoods, and Lord-
(ships and *Graces*,
To the Man of no Title, who makes 'em wry Faces,
All alike shall be purg'd by your Laxative Verses,
Which shall loosen their Tongues instead of their Arses,
As they join in the praises of what I commend,
And acknowledge you theirs, as I own you my Friend.

London, June
28. 1700.

T. B.

To

To My Friend, Mr. Playford, on the Publication of his Second Book of Pills, and the Encouragement his first has met with.

TIs hard, my Friend, in times where Envy reigns,
And Criticks run a Muck at useful Pains,
To please one single Palate, or provide
One Dish which shall a Toaster's Taste abide:
Yet have thy Labours with Success been crown'd,
And Malice owns thy Judgment to be sound:
As ev'ry Dish does ev'ry Palate please,
And purges off the dregs of its Disease;
Which nothing like such Treats before endur'd,
Hard to be Pleas'd, but harder to be Cur'd.

And if the Muse is precious of the Fate,
Which does on innocent Diversions wait;
If she can tell by her divining skill,
What's the result of Fortune's Sov'raign will,
This Work of thine, which charms our Ears and Eyes,
Shall in thy praise, and to thy profit rise.

All shall admire the Beauties, all shall read,
And Mirth and Wit, and Musick shall succeed:
As ev'ry Ear shall listen to the Lays,
Which ev'ry Tongue that cannot sing, shall Praise.
The Rich shall buy 'em, and the Poor shall bear
Thy Pills about 'em, to divert their Care.
The Sick for Diet-drink shall taste thy Strains,
And in their Melod: shall lose their Pains:
The Healthy shall thy pleasing Doses take,
To keep 'em well, and for prevention's sake,
While not a College Quack among the Tribe,
Need give advice to Kill, or need prescribe,

Since

Since thou can'st shew us what they ne'er could find,
Physician to the Body and the Mind.

Go on, my Friend, thy healing Task pursue,
Compleat the Cure of Verse and Musick too;
Both are Debauch'd, and both assistance claim
From some kind Hand, to vindicate their Fame.
Oh---let thy Father's Vertues call thee forth,
His matchless indefatigable Worth,
His studied Labours, and his endless Toil,
To perfect what rude hands now strive to spoil.

Ballads and single Songs are daily born
Their Writer's Infamy, and Reader's Scorn;
And Hawkers for true Mettle, vent their Dross,
Correct y Grav'd by uncorrected Cross;
Who, shameless Coxcomb, daily gives offence
To Truth, good Manners, Justice, and to Sense;
Engraving what he cannot truly Read,
As he retails the Muse to Penny-Trade.
And brings her down from her Exalted Seat;
To tempt the foolish People he would Cheat.
Ah! quickly rise, the weeping Muse invites
And calls thee to assert her ancient Rights:
Restore her to her Throne who's born to rule,
And Print till thou hast broke this trifling Fool,
Whose Work's are born, (whatever's his Design)
To serve Thee as a Foil and set off thine.

William Pittis.

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O *rpheus Britannicus*: Book I. The Introduction to the skill of Musick. The 14th Edit. Bound 2 s. Original Scotch Tunes. Price 6 d. *Mercurius Musicus*: Or the Monthly Collections of New Songs. for the Year 1699 Price 3s. 6 d. New Songs for *January, February, March April and May, 1700.* to continue. Price 6 d.

There is now in the Press, and will be speedily Published, the *New Catch-Book*, being most of Dr. *Blow's* and the late Mr. *Henry Purcells*; with an addition of several New ones.

The BLACKBIRD: A New SONG.

By Mr. D'URFET.



Room, room, room for a Rover,
 Yonder Town's so hot,
 I a Country Lover
 Bless my Freedom got:
 This Celestial Weather
 Such Enjoyment gives,
 We like Birds flock hither,
 Browzing on green Leaves.
 Some who late sat scowling
 Publick Cheats to mend,
 Study now with Bowling,
 Each to cheat his Friend.
*Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry,
 rerry, rerry, sings the Blackbird, Oh, what a World have we.*

In the Eastern Regions
 Canibals abound,
 Eas'd of all Religions,
 Man does Man Confound:

But

But our worser Natives
 Here Church-Rules obey;
 Yet like barb'rous Catiffs,
 Gorge up more than they.
 In the Town, hot Follies
 Fools to Faction draw,
 Nonsense, Noise and Malice,
 Passes too for Law.
Whilst in the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial,
 As our Church-men guess,
 Some write We most Loyal,
 Yet mean nothing less.
 Ev'ry Faction Tezer,
 Proudly votes his Will,
 Praise be then to *Cesar*,
 Who sits Patient still.
Chanc'ry wants a Ruler,
 Justice Scales to guide;
 S-----ts want a Cooler,
 Who like *Jehu* Ride.
Whilst on the, &c.

Give me then a Bottle,
Musidora by,
 Wine that warms the Noddle;
 Does all Cares defy.
Sol has enter'd *Aries*,
 Summer Sweats do fall,
 Pleasures new and various,
 Let's enjoy 'em all.
 So adieu, State Janglers,
 Our whole Winters Curse;
 Farewell to Law-wranglers,
 That so plague the Purse.
Hark in the, &c.

Pills to Purge Delancholy.

The C U T P U R S E.

By BEN. JOHNSON.



M (near,
y Masters and Friends, and good People draw
And look to your Purses, for that I do say,
And tho little Money in them you do wear,
It cost more to get than to lose in a day;

You oft have been told
The Young, and the Old,
And bidden beware of the Cutpurse so bold;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curse,
Who give you fair warning for and the Cut-purse.

Youth, Youh, thou had'st better been stary'd at Nurse,
Than for to be hang'd for cutting a Purse.

B

It

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

It hath been upbraided to men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the cause of this Crime,
Alack and for pity, why should it be said?

As if they regarded or Place or Time:

Examples have been
Of some that were seen

In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleadors between;
Then why should the *Judges* be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th' Jayl,
A Knight of good worth did there shew his Face,
Against the small Sinner in rage for to rail,
And lost *Ipso facto*, his Purse i'th' Place;

Nay even from the seat

Of Judgment so great,

A Judge there did lose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their practice such Booties to make;

Yea under the Gallows at Executions;

They stick not, but stare about Purse to take:

Nay, one without Grace,

At a better Place,

At Court, and at *Christmas* before the King's Face;
Alack then for pity must I bear the Curse,
That only belong to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and Repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest Mens Fall,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And tho you go Gay

In Silks, as you may,

It is not the High-way to *Heaven* (they say)

Repent, then Repent ye for better, for worse.

And Kiss not the Gallows for Cutting a Purse.

Youth, Youth, &c.

The MAIDEN's Longing.

To the same Tune.

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a *Child*, without help of a *Man*.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of great Fame.
Whose deep skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
Quoth she Mr. Doctor shew me if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
Since so it must be,
This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently;
Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well Parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well Fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight quarts of Brimstone Brew'd in a Beer Can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well Bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And Approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of Man.

Upon the PYRAMID.

By Mr. Ratcliffe.

The same Tune.

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
For here's a new Sight which you must not escape,
A stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,
Renown'd for strait Body and *Barbary* shape;
A Pyramid much high'r
Than a Steeple or Spire,
By which you may guess there has been a Fire.
Ah *London* th'adst better have built new *Burdello's*,
T' encourage She-Traders and lusty young Fellows.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
But they set up this Monument wonderful tall;
Tho when Christians were Burnt, as *Fox* plainly shews us,
There was nothing set up but his Book in the Hall.
And yet these Men can't
In their Conscience but grant,
That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
Ab London, &c.

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,
To be saved from Water did only desire :
So the City presumes that this young one is able,
When occasion shall serve, to secure them from Fire.
Blowing up when all's done
Preserves best the Town,
But this Hieroglyphick will soon be blown down.
Ah London, &c.

Some say it resembles a Glass fit for Mum,
And think themselves witty by giving Nick-names :
An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,
As set up on purpose to put out the Flames.
But whatever they shall
This Workmanship call,
Had it never been thought on 'thad been a Save-all.
Ah London, &c.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the grave City,
As Men not so Wise as they shou'd be, or so ;
And oftentimes say, 'tis a great deal of pity
So much Coin shou'd be spent, and so little to show.
But these Men ne'er stop
To pay for going up,
For all that's worth seeing, is when y'are a-top
Ah London, &c.

But O you proud Nation of Citizens all,
Supposing y'had rear'd but only one Stone,
And on it engrav'd a stupendious Tale,
Of a Conflagration the like Was ne'er known :
It had been as good
T'have humour'd the Croud,
And then y'had prevented their Laughing aloud.
Ah London, &c.

*Three Children sliding on the Thames:**Tune of Chivy Chase.*

SOME Christian People all give ear
 Unto the grief of us,
 Caus'd by the death of three Children dear,
 The which it happen'd thus.

And eke there befell an accident,
 By fault of a Carpenters Son,
 Who to saw Chips his sharp Ax lent,
 Woe worth the time, may Lon—

May London say, Woe worth the Carpenter,
 And all such Block-head fools,
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
 For jesting with edge-tools.

For into the chips there fell a Spark,
 Which Put out in such Flames,
 That it was known into Southwark,
 Which lives beyond the Thames.

For Lo the Bridge was wondrous high,
 With Water underneath,
 O'er which as many Fishes fly,
 As Birds therein do breath.

And

And yet the Fire consum'd the Bridge,
Not far from place of Landing,
And tho the building was full big,
It fell down not with standing.

And eke into the Water fell
So many Pewter-dishes,
That a Man might have taken up very well,
Both boyl'd and roasted Fishes,

And thus the Bridge of London Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was *All* by Fire *Half* burnt down,
For being too contemptuous

And thus you have *all* but *half* my Song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have cool'd you with the *Fire*,
I'll warm you with the *Water*.

I'll tell you what the River's Name is,
Where these Children did slide-a,
It was fair London's swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both time and *Tide-a*,

All on the tenth of *January*,
To the wonder of much People,
'Twas frozen o'er that well 'twould bear
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great Wager makes:
But when he saw he could not win,
He sigh'd and would have drawn Stakes;

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

He said it would bear a Man for to slide,
And laid a hundred pound;
The King said it would break, and so it did,
For three Children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his Should---
Ers stricken, whose name was *John*,
Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

O tut-tut-turn from thy sinful Race:
Thus did his Speech decay:
I wonder that in such a case,
He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd, *a-lack a-lack*,
The Water ran down their Throats,
And stopt their Breaths three hours by the clock
Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that *Children have*,
And ye that have none yet;
Preserve your Children from the Grave,
And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
Or else upon dry Ground,
Why then I would never have been seen,
If that they had been *drown'd*,

Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
For fear they should go fro him,
So tie your Children with severities Clogs,
Unty 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our noble Parliament,
And rid them from all Fears,
God bless all th' *Commons* of this Land,
And God bless some o'th' *Peers*.

PHIL. PORTER'S Farewell.

To the same Tune.

Good People all, I pray give ear,
My Words concern ye much;
I will repeat a Hector's Life;
Pray God ye be not such.

There was a Gallant in the Town,
A brave and jolly Sporter;
There was no Lady in the Land,
But he knew how to Court her.

His Person comely was and tall,
More comely have been few Men,
Which made him well belov'd of Men,
But more belov'd of Women.

Besides all this, I can you tell,
That he was well endowed
With many Graces of the Mind,
Had they been well bestowed.

He was as liberal as the Sun,
His Gold he freely spent,
Whether it were his own Estate,
Or that it were him lent.

For Valour he a Lyon was,
I say a Lyon bold;
For he no living Man did fear,
That Sword in hand did hold.

And when that he with glittering Blade
 Did e'er assail his Foes,
 Full well I troe, they did not miss
 their Belly full of Blows.

A *Frenchman* once Assaulted him,
 And told him that he Ly'd,
 For which with Quart-pot he him slew.
 And so the *Frenchman* dy'd.

Three *Danes*, six *Germans*, and five *Sweeds*,
 Met him in Lane of *Drury*,
 Who cause they took of him the Wall,
 He kill'd them in his Fury.

Upon his Body wel-a-day,
 Full many a Scar he bore,
 His Skin did look like Sattin Pinck'd,
 With Gashes many a score.

Oh had he lost that Noble Blood
 For Country's Liberty!
 Where could all *England* then have found
 So brave a Man as he?

But woe is me, these Vertues great,
 Were alleclips'd with Vice,
 Just so the Sun that now shines bright,
 Is darkn'd in a Trice.

For he did Swagger, Drink and Game,
 Indeed what would he not.
 His Pfalter and his Catechize
 He utterly forgot.

But he is gone, and we will let
No more of him be said;
They say 'tis naught for to reveal
The Vices of the Dead.

Besides we have some cause to think
That he may scape Tormenting;
For the Old Nurse that Watch'd with him,
Did say he dy'd Repenting.

The SECOND PART.

Farewel *Three Kings*, where I have spent
Full many an idle Hour;
Where oft I won, but never lost,
If 'twere within my Power.

Where the Raw Gallants I did chouse,
Like any *Rag-a-muffin*;
But now I'm sick and cannot play;
Who'll trust me for a Coffin?

Farewel my dearest *Piccadilly*,
Notorious for great Dinners;
Oh What a *Tennis-Court* was there!
Alas! too good for Sinners.

Farewel *Spring-Garden*, where I us'd
To Piss before the Ladies;
Poor Souls! Who'll be their *Hector* now,
And get 'em pretty Babies?

Farewell

Farewel the Glory of *Hide Park*,
Which was to me so dear;
Ah, since I can't enjoy it more,
Would I were buried there.

Farewel tormenting Creditors,
Whose Scores did so perplex me;
Well! Death, I see for something's good,
For now they'll cease to vex me.

Farewel true Brethren of the Sword,
All Martial Men and Stout;
Farewel dear Drawer at the *Fleece*,
I cannot leave thee out.

My Time draws on, I now must go
From this beloved Light;
Remember me to pretty *Sue*,
And so dear Friends good Night;

With that on Pillow low he laid
His pale and drooping Head,
And freight e'er Cat could lick her Ear,
Poor *Philly* he was Dead.

Now God bless all that will be Blest,
God bless the Inns of Courts,
And God bless *D'Avenant's Opera*,
Which is the Sport of Sports.

On the *DEATH* of *Jo. Wright.*

To the same Tune.

When rich Men die, whose Purfes swell
With Silver and with Gold,
They freight shall have a Monument,
Their Memories t' uphold.

Yet all that Men can say of them,
They lived so unknown,
Is but to write upon their Tombs,
Here lieth such a one.

When *Joseph Wright*, who died poor
(*Tho Simon* was his Porter)
Shall die as if he ne'er had been,
And want his Worth's Reporter.

Full many a Can he often drank
In *Fleet-street* in the Cellar,
Yet he must unremember'd die,
Like some base Fortune-Teller.

He made the Ballad of the *Turk*,
And sung it in the Street.
And shall he die, and no man heed it?
No Friends it is not meet.

He lived in a Garret high,
Not much below the Steeple,
And shall he die, alas poor *Jo*,
Unknown unto the People?

He had a Dog, his Name was *Tren*;
This Dog with him did lye;
Shall *Tobit* live for his Dog's sake,
And *Jo* neglected die?

He

He had no Curtains to his Bed,
 But yet for t'other Quart
 Coin he would find, and shall he die
 And no Man lay't to Heart?

He hated all the Female Sex,
 Who knew his private Grudge.
 And must he therefore die forgot?
 I leave the World to Judge.

Each Term he ask'd his Father Blessing,
 On bended Knee demurely.
 Who then did give him Shillings Ten,
 And must he die Obscurely.

No, *Jo*. I'll bid Peace to thy Bones,
 Tho they were sick and crasie,
 And must be quite made new again
 Before that Heaven can raise thee.

And since thou'rt gone, and there is none
 Who knoweth where to find thee,
 I'll fix this Truth upon thy Name,
 Thou didst leave Wit behind thee.

Wit that shall make thy Name to last.
 When *Tariton's* Jests are rotten,
 And *George-a-Green*, and *Mother Bunch*
 Shall all be quite forgotten.

Now if you ask where *Jo*, is gone,
 You think I cannot tell;
 Oh he is Blest, for he was Poor,
 And could not go to Hell.

But for his Father, rich in Bags,
 The Devil ought to have him,
 That took no care of such a Son,
 Till 'twas too late to Save him.

THE
PALPHRY:
A
FABLE.

To the same Tune.

A *Palphry* proud, prick'd up with pride,
Went Prancing on the way,
By chance a Mill-Horse he esp'd,
At whom he 'gan to Neigh :

And scornfully with great Disdain
The *Palphry* he stood still,
And laughed at the silly Horse,
Which carry'd Sacks to Mill.

Stand back quoth he, thou moyling Ass,
A shame to Beggars kind ;
Give place to me, thy Lord, to pass,
Thou Drudge and toiling Hind.

And with these words he flung his Heels,
And by the Mill-Horse pass'd,
To whom the silly Jade in Field,
Did thus reply at last.

Well,

10 *Plus to a large Manichory.*
Well, well, quoth he, with mournful Mind,
Full little know'st thou yet,
E'er that thou come unto thy end,
Who on thy Back shall sit.

When I was young, as thou art now,
Full little did I care,
And never thought upon these Sacks,
Which now to Mill I bear.

I could both Manage, Stop and Turn,
Curvet, and bravely Fling:
At Tilts and Tournaments I serv'd,
Likewise to run a Race at Ring.

Then was I fed with Corn and Hay,
And had each thing at will.
But when my strength did wear away,
I sold was to the Mill.

And thou which proudly here dost Prance,
And giv'st no Man the way,
Full little dost thou know how soon
Thou shalt come to decay.

Thy Master's Stable is no Grange,
Boast not therefore of Strength,
Yet not so constant is by chance,
As thou shalt find at length.

Bucephalus upon his Back
A Mighty Monarch bore,
When he had spent his fresh green Youth,
The Dogs his Flesh did tear.

A Horse, a Hound, a Hawk, a Man,
Serve but their youthful Prime,
Therefore take heed, if thou be Wise,
Lay hold while it is time.

Trust not then to after Wou'ds,
Gape not for Had I list,
Ten Birds on wing are not so good
As one upon the Fist.

With store of Shells in Pease-cod time
Besure thou shalt be fed,
With fair words and sweet ones too,
Besure thou shalt be led.

And when thy strength does wear away,
And Beauty 'gins to fade,
Away then with this doating Ass,
He serveth for the Spade.

Lo here you lusty Lads to learn,
Under a Caveat told,
That Younglings spend their fresh green Youth,
Not thinking to be Old.

Therefore hoist not your Sails too high,
Disdain not simple Will,
For many a sturdy Horse e'er now,
Hath carryed Sacks to Mill.

The Royal REGIMENT.

By Jo. Haynes.



I'LL sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
Of the fierce *Royal Reg'ment*, but don't think I Jeer,
For I vow and protest, they're as brave Men and willing
As ever old *Rome* bred, or new *Intskilling*.

Lord, had you but seen 'em March with that Decorum,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em.
Some Smoaking, some whistling, all meaning no Harm,
Like *Torshire* Attorneys, coming up to the Term.

On Long-tails, on Bob-tails, on Trotters and Pacers,
On Padds, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers and Racers,
You'd have sworn Knights and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds
(and Panders,

'd all like so many brave *Alexanders*.

Those

Those Warriours who thorough all Dangers durst go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe,
Was mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayor's day,
From *Turky, Spain, Barbary, Coach, Cart, and Dray.*

'Twas that very day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King through the Fire-works o'th' Town;
Tho Sparks were Unhorst, and their lac'd Coats were
(spoil'd.

Yet they dreaded no Squibs from Man, Woman, or Child.

The Cornet whose Nose, tho it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that day on a Horse fearing no Man;
No wonder, for all o'er his Trappings so Sumptuous,
He'd ty'd Squibs and Crackers; 'twas mighty Presump-
(tious.

But mark his Design, faith 'tis worth your Admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse wou'd stand
(Firing:

Not wisely confiding Her Majesty's Marry'd,
And he had been Hang'd, had some body Miscarry'd.

All Hearts true as Steel; but of all the brave Fellows,
The *Scriv'ner* for my Money, who was so Zealous,
He sent for the Lease of his own House from home,
To make out a Cov'ring for the Troop's Kettle-Drum.

The *Lieutenant-Colonel* being Thrown by his Gennet,
His *Son-in-Law* fancying some Treachery in it,
Gave the Horse the Oaths, which the Beast took they say,
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

He the Horse of some *Irish Papiſt* did buy,
So doubting as well he might, his Loyalty,
He made him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of Old *Lille-burlero.*

The *Tub-preaching* Saint was so Zealous a Blade,
 In Jack-Boots day and night he Slept, Preach'd & Pray'd:
 To call 'em to Prayers he needs no Saint's Bell,
 For gingling his Spurs Chimes 'em all in as well.

A noble stout *Scriu'ner*, who now shall be Nameless,
 That in day of Battle he might be found Blameless,
 A War-Horse of Wood of a Dutch *Carver* buys,
 To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on Gain,
 He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus's* Main,
 That so by this means he his Prancer bestriding,
 Might practise at once his Writing and Riding.

But Oh the sad News that their Joy quite confounds,
 To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet sounds!
 Lord, Lord, how this set them a writing Petitions,
 And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

Ah who'll March for me? Speak any that dare,
 Here's a Horse and a hundred Pound for him, that's fair.
 Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teague-Land* & Slaughter,
 And take which you please, Sir, my Wife or my Daughter.

(Clapt,
 Some feign'd themselves Lame, some feign'd themselves
 At last finding All themselves by themselves Trapt,
 The King most unanimously they Address,
 And told him the truth, It was all but a Jest.

A Jest quoth the King, and with that the King Smil'd,
 Come it ne'er shall be said that a good Jest was spoil'd,
 Therefore I Dismiss you, in Peace all depart.
 Sir, 'tis more your goodness, than our Desert.

Thus being deliver'd from th' tedious Vexation,
 Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
 They kiss'd Royal Fist and were Drunk all for Joy,
 Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy*.

A Sad

A Sad and lamentable Account of an unhappy Accident that befell a young Gentleman, by a Fall from his Horse, whereby he most dangerously hurt his Nose and his Chin.

The Words by Mr. Fishburn.



Come listen good People, the whilst I relate,
 An Accident most Unfortunate,
 Of a Horse and a Gentleman, and a sad Fate,
Which Nobody can deny.

Then first of the First, says the Country Parson,
 It was a mad Beast as e'er was clap'd Arse on,
 And he would run furiously like a Mars on.
Which Nobody, &c.

It was not an Horse, nor a Mare, but a Gelding,
 A Run-a-way Beast that would not be held in:
 To try the Truth, 'twas a very Hieling.
Which Nobody, &c.
 To

To tell you his Colour, his Age, or his Feature,
 At what he was Rated, or what was his Stature,
 Why faith 'twould be something besides our Matter,
Which Nobody, &c.

But now to proceed something faster,
 And tell you the cause of this sad Disaster,
 Ay and how this Horse did serve his Master.
Which Nobody, &c.

As this Horse and his Master were going to Bed,
 (The Master and Horse, I should have sed)
 Away ran this Horse as if he had fled
Which Nobody, &c.

Onwards went *Pegasus*, there let him fray,
 Off went the Gentleman, there let him lay,
 For this Beast had not the good Manners to stay.
Which Nobody, &c.

Then an angry Charioteer did approach, (Coach,
 With a Pox take your Worship, you have spoil'd the
 Which was before as sound as a Roach.
Which Nobody, &c.

But the Lady in milder Terms did begin,
 With alas good Gentleman, pray have him in,
 Lord! how he has hurt his Nose and his Chin.
Which Nobody, &c.

And when they had set him down in a Chair,
 They all of his Life began to despair,
 At length they did venture to put up this Prayer.
Which Nobody, &c.

*O thou that Preserv'st us at Bed and at Board,
Some help to this dying Man afford,
For our Squire we fear, is as Drunk as a Lord.
Which Nobody, &c.*

*But then came a Couple, I took 'em for Dray-men,
But they prov'd a brace of yor Praying Lay-Men,
The one cry'd God Bless him, the other said Amen.
Which Nobody, &c.*

*Then a Pox of your Praying, crys out a Painter,
Unless you had a prevailing Saint here,
Such Whining's enough to make a Man Faint here.
Which Nobody, &c.*

*Then first he did wisely examin his Skull,
His Legs and his Arms he next did pull,
Which made this Calf roar out like a Bull,
Which Nobody, &c.*

*At Portsmouth there lately did land an *Hamburgeon*,
Who eat Pickl'd Dog, and took it for Sturgeon,
So we had a Painter instead of a Surgeon.
Which Nobody, &c.*

*But then came a Lawyer to make up the round,
And he to the Purpose a Proverb had found,
He that's born to be Hang'd, shall never be Drown'd.
Which Nobody, &c.*

*Then came some old Women to make up the Ditty,
With alas good Gentleman, Faith 'twas a Pity,
He was the prettiest Man in all the City.
Which Nobody, &c.*

The TRIMMER.

To the same Tune.

Pray lend me your Ear, if you've any to spare,
 You that love Common-wealth as you hate Com-
 (mon-Prayer,
 That can in a Breath, Pray, Dissemble and Swear.
Which Nobody can deny.

I'm first on the wrong side, and then on the right,
 To Day I'm a Jack, and to Morrow a-mite,
 I for either King Pray, but for neither dare Fight,
Which Nobody, &c.

Sometimes I'm a Rebel, sometimes I'm a Saint,
 Sometimes I can Preach, and at other times Cant;
 There is nothing but Grace I thank God, that I want.
Which Nobody, &c.

Old Babylon's Whore, I cannot endure her,
 I'm a Sanctify'd Saint, there's none can be Purer,
 For Swearing I hate like any *non Juror*.
Which Nobody, &c.

Of our Gracious King William I am a great lover,
 Yet I side with a Party that Prays for another,
 I'd drink the King's Health, take it one way or 'tother.
Which Nobody, &c.

Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
 Where Sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting,
 Makes me hate a long Prayer and two Hour's Prating.
Which nobody, &c.

And

And then I sing Psalms as if never weary,
Yet I must confess, when I'm Frolick and Merry,
More Musick I find in *A Boat on the Ferry.*

Which No body, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round;
I can say, Heavens Bless, or the Devil Confound;
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Which No body, &c.

I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Arch-Deacon,
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* Taken;
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon.

Which No body, &c.

Sometimes for a good Common-wealth I am wishing,
O *Oliver, Oliver*, give us thy Blessing,
For in troubled Waters now I love Fishing.

Which No body, &c.

The Times are so ticklish I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll side with those to be sure that are least in Distress.

Which No body, &c.

With the *Jacks* I rejoice that *Savoy's* Defeated,
With the *Whigs* I seem pleas'd he so bravely Retreated,
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.

Which No body, &c.

Each Party you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There is some for the Devil, and some for the Pope,
And I am for any thing, but for a Rope.

Which No body, &c.

A Ballad call'd the GREEN-GOWN.



PAs leave Piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
 There's never a Goddess a Hunting to day;
 mortals marvel at *Coridon's* Jestings,
 That gives the assistance to entertain *May*.
 The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarves on their Faces,
 So lively as passies, trip over the Downs:
 Much mirth and sport they make, running at *Barly-break*;
 Lord what haste they make for a Green-Gown!

John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*,
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robbin* and *VWill*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,
 For they were reported to have the best skill:
 But *Cicily* and *Nanny*, the Fairest of many,
 That came last of any from out of the Towns,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,
 They so much did long for their Green-Gowns.

Wanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*,
 That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
 Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her authority,
 And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
 But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
 And therefore was likely to fall in a swoon,
Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,
 Left *Christian* should carry away the Green-Gown.

Blanch and *Bettrice* both of a Family,
 Came very lazy lagging behind;
Annise and *Amable* noting their Policy,
Cupid is cunning, although he be blind:
 But *Winny* the Witty, that came from the City,
 With *Parnel* the pretty, and *Bessè* the brown.
Clem, *Foan*, and *Isabel*, *Su*, *Alice*, and bonny *Nell*,
 Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-Gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
 Where they intended to gather their *May*,
 Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
 Singled in Couples, did fall to their Play:
 But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*,
 Look'd very Modestly, yet they lay down;
 And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
 And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-Gown.

Then they desired to know of a truth
 If all their Fellows were in the like case,
Nem call'd for *Ede*, and *Ede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace*;
 But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking,
 The pretty Lads breaking the head of the Clown;
 But some were a wooing, while others were doing,
 Yet all their going was for a Green-Gown.

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping,
 To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng,
 But missing her, hastily downwards was creeping,
 For *Iberis* imagin'd he tarried too long.
 Then all the Troop mourned, and homeward returned,
 For *Cynthia* scorned to smile, or to frown:
 Thus they did gather May all the long Summer-day,
 And at Night went away with a Green-Gown.

*The Ballad of King John and the Abbot of
 Canterbury.*



I'LL tell you a Story, a Story anon,
 Of a Noble Prince, and his name was King *John*,
 For he was a Prince, and a Prince of great might,
 He held up great Wrongs, and he put down great Right,
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London Town* :
Derry down, &c.

How now, Brother Abbot ! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better House than I,
And for thy House-keeping and high Renown,
I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown :
Derry down, &c.

I hope my Liege, that you owe me no Grudge,
For spending of my true gotten Goods.
If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body :
Derry down, &c.

When I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth :
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question you must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about ?
And the third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think :
Derry down, &c.

O These are hard Questions for my shallow Wit,
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet,
But if you will give me but three days space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace :
Derry down, &c.

O three days space I will thee give,
 For that is the longest day thou hast to live,
 And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,
 Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body Quite,

Derry down, &c.

And as the Shepherd was going to his Fold,
 He spy'd the old Abbot came riding along,
 How now Master Abbot, you're welcome home,
 What News have you brought from good King John?

Derry down, &c.

Sad News, sad News I have thee to give,
 For I have but three days space for to live;
 If I do not answer him Questions three,
 My Head will be taken from my Body:

Derry down, &c.

When he is sat on his Steed so high,
 With his Crown of Gold upon his Head,
 Amongst all his Nobility, with Joy and much mirth,
 I must tell him to one penny what he is worth:

Derry down, &c.

And the next Question I must not flout,
 How long he shall be riding the World about:
 And the third Question I must not shrink,
 But tell to him truly what he does Think:

Derry down, &c.

O Master, did you never hear it yet,
 That a Fool may learn a Wise Man Wit?
 Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,
 I'll ride to fair London, and answer the Quarrel:

Derry down, &c.

Now I am set on my Steed so high,
 With my Crown of Gold upon my head,

Amongst

Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Now tell me to one penny what I am worth:

Derry down, &c.

For Thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
Amongst the false Jews, as you have been told,
And Nine and Twenty's the worth of thee,
For I think thou art one penny worser than he:

Derry down, &c.

And the next Question thou maist not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about?
You must rise with the Sun and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he rises again:
And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about:

Derry down, &c.

And the third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think:
All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor Shepherd as you may see,
And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me.

Derry down, &c.

The King he turn'd him about, and did smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while.
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read,

Derry down, &c.

Then four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a Pardon from good King *John*.

Derry down, &c.

*The CATHOLICK BALLAD: Or an
Invitation to Popery, upon Considerable Grounds
and Reasons.*

To the Tune of Eighty Eight.



Since *Pop'ry* of late is so much in Debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear openly to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute it no more, these Heretical Men
Have exposed our Books unto Laughter,
So that many do say 'twill be our best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause ! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly do I desire thee !
Neither will I Pray to St. *Bridget* to day,
But only to thee to Inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholick *Rome* ?
I wonder much at your Folly ;
For St *Peter* was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the World Holy.

For this Sacred old Wood is so excellent good,
If Tradition may be believed,
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear.
The danger of being Deceived.

If the Devil himself should (God bless us) get up,
Tho his Nature we know to be Evil,
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now, who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope ?
So that here's a plain demonstration,
As clear as Noon-day we're in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes.
Which are blinded with bad Education,
We have Arguments twenty and Miracles plenty,
enough to convince a whole Nation..

If you give but good heed, you shall see the host bleed,
And if any thing can persuade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by *Erra Pater* ;
He shall skip about and tear like a dancing-Bear,
when he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Relicks most rare,
 We can shew you the Sacred Manger,
 Several loads of the Cross, as good as e'er was,
 To preserve your Souls from Danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
 But I spare you a little for pity,
 That each one may prepare and rub-up his Ear
 For the second part of my Ditty.

The Second Part, to the same Tune.

NOW listen again to those things that remain,
 They are matters of weight I assure you,
 And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away,
 'Tis impossible else for to Cure you.

That pestilent Book! never on it more look,
 I wish I could speak it out Louder;
 It has done more Men harm, I dare boldly affirm,
 Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
 But for Scripture, leave that to the Learned,
 For these are edge Tools, and you Lay-men are Fools,
 If ye touch them, y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for that you make all this stir?
 You must read, you must hear, and be learned:
 If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
 That you need not be so much Concerned.

Be the Church's good Son, and your work is half done,
 After that you may do your own Pleasure:
 If your Beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* well,
 Never doubt of the Heavenly Treasure.

For

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he please,
And without all peradventure,
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the Back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first, by the way, you must make a short stay,
At a place called *Purgatory*,
Which the Learned us tell, in the Buildings of Hell,
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace
In the torment on't long to endure:
None are kept there but Fools and poor pitiful Souls
Who can no ready Money procure.

For a handsom round Sum, you may quickly be gone,
For the Church has wisely Ordain'd,
That they who build Crosses, and pay well for Masses,
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain Case, as the Nose on ones Face,
We are in the surest condition,
And none but poor Fools and some niggardly Owls,
Need fall into utter Perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich Men;
That you will not hearken to Reason.
Since as long as y^e have Pence, ye need scruple no Offence,
Be it Murder, Adultery, Treason.

(mon;
And ye sweet-natur'd Women, who hold all things com-
My Addresses to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,
And we hope we shall gain the whole Party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance shall be small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a Cure, if of this you be sure
To confess before you go to it.

There

There is one reason yet, which I cannot omit,
 To those who affect the *French Nation* :
 Hereby we advance the Religion of *France*,
 The Religion that's only in Fashion.

If these Reasons prevail, (as how can they fail ?),
 To Have Popery entertain'd,
 You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
 What Benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the *Pope* shall us Bless, (that's no small happiness)
 And again we shall see restor'd *
 The *Italian Trade*, which formerly made
 This Land to be so much Ador'd.

○ The Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
 The good words as sweet as Honey,
 All this and much more shall be brought to our door,
 For a little dull *English* Money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and whatever can move,
 Be restor'd again to our *Britain*,
 And learning so common, that every old Woman
 Shall say her Prayers in *Latin*.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall obey,
 Which is now look'd upon as a wonder,
 And the proudest of Kings and all Temporal things
 Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do
 And have handled us with so much Terror,
 May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
 They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man yet shall have so little Wit,
 As still to be Refractory,
 I swear by the *Mass*, he is a meer Ass,
 And so there's an end of a Story.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: Or, Eighty
Eight.

To the same Tune.

SOME Years of late, in Eighty Eight,
As I do well remember-a;
It was, some say, on the Ninth of May,
And some say in September-a.

The *Spanish* Train launch'd forth a-main,
With many a fine Bravado,
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible *Armado*.

There was a little Man that dwelt in Spain,
That shot well in a Gun-a,
Don Pedro height, as black a Wight,
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both Man and Boy,
And so to come away-a.

The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
What could we more desire-a,
Sir *Francis Drake*, for her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on Fire-a.

Away they ran by Sea and Land,
So that one Man slew Three score-a.
And had not they all run away,
O' my Soul, we had killed more-a.

Then.

Then let them neither Brag, nor boast,
 For if they come again-a,
 Let them take heed they do not speed.
 As they did they know when-a.

A Ballad called the Jovial Bear-ward.

To the same Tune..

THo it may seem rude,
 For me to intrude
 With these my *Bears* by chance-a,
 'Twere sport for a King,
 If they could sing
 As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
 Of fear or doubt,
 I came from *St Katharin-a*,
 These dancing *Three*,
 By the help of me,
 Who am keeper of the *Sign-a*.

We sell good Ware,
 And we need not care
 Tho Court and Country knew it;
 Our Ale's o'th' best,
 And each good Guest
 Prays for their Souls that Brew it.

For any Ale-house
 We care not a Louse,
 Nor Tavern in all the Town-a.

Nor

Nor the *Vintry Cranes*,
Nor *St. Clement Dances*,
Nor the *Devil* can put us down-a.

Who has once here been,
Comes hither agen,
The *Liquor* is so mighty ;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our *Ale*,
And it burns like *Aqua Vita*.

The *Wives of Wapping*,
They trudge to our *Tapping*,
And still our *Ale* desire-a,
And there sit and drink,
Till they spew and stink,
And often piss out the *Fire-a*.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it,
Till the *Fish-wives* join
Their single Coin,
And the *Tinker* pawns his Budget.

If their brains be not well,
Or bladders do swell,
To ease them of their burden,
My Lady will come
With a Bowl and a Broom,
And her Hand-maid with a Jourdan.

From Court we invite
Lord, Lady, and Knight,
Squire, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Groom,
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggars shall give you room.

A S O N G.



OH, *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
'Tis Govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen to
(my Ditty.

This City has a Major, this Major is a Lord;
He Governeth the Citizens upon his own accord:
He boasteth his Gentility, and how Nobly he was born,
His Arms are three *Ox-heads*, and his crest a *rampant Horn*.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to *Westminster-hall*,
Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have 'em all;
(the best,

The Barges are made all fine and gay, for his Lordship and
And Dung-boats and Lyters provided for the rest,

Then at the *Exchequer* he's sworn upon a Shooe-soal,
That he will be no wiser Man than was his Brother Jo-
(bermol.

The Sword is born before 'em up and down the Stairs,
To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord
(Mayors.

And

And when that is ended, home again he comes, (Drums
With joyful noise upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and of
His Lordship Lands at *Paul's-Wharf*, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as any Dogs.

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to work,
With Knife like Scimiter as fierce as any *Turk*;
He hit upon the Goose-bone, and turn'd both edge and
(point:
Till he look'd upon my Lord Mayor, he could not hit
(the Joint.

Then up came Custard with twenty four nukes,
As you may find recorded in *John Stow's Books*,
And why it was so big, if you would know the reason,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be
(prating Treason,

Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,
And there they have a Noble Treat all at the City charge,
And when they come to *Cuckold's-point*, they make a gal,
(lant shew-
Their Wives bid the Musick play *Cuckolds all-a-row*,

Then they go to *Paul's Church* e'er Morning-Prayer be-
(gins,
And as they go along the street, they stoop to pick up
(pins;
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the moral reason of it,
They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little
(Profit.

My Lord Mayor rides along the street like unto a Law-
(maker,
With forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to Prosecute the
(Baker.

And

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall and finds his
 (Bread too light,
 He sends it home to his own House, to feast both Lord
 (and Knight.

Then to the Sessions-House they go, the Sessions there to
 (keep,
 Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast a-sleep.
 They call up their Juries by Twelves, and by Twelves,
 And if they hang up no Man, they may go hang them-
 (selves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
 (they ride,
 To see the Bears Baited on the Bank-side.
 And when that they have done, they all return again
 Like so many Apes, with each his Golden-Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year, he rides unto the
 (Spittle,
 And there sits full three hours long, and brings away
 (but little ;
 And when that he comes home, he sits down at his Board,
 And if he has not Minc'd Pyes, his Cheer's not worth a
 (Turd.

My Lady says unto my Lord when all the Guests are
 (gone,
 I do intend to Morrow next to Invite my Friend Sir *John*.
 For I don't think it fit always to have Trades-men,
 I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.

(have
 My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord, what Dishes she should
 To entertain her Friend Sir *John*, that was so fine and
 (brave.

My

My Lord he nam'd a *Calves-head*, at which she made a
(Pish,
And swore she'd have a *Turky-Cock*, for she lov'd a stand-
(ing dish.

Next once a year into *Essex* a Hunting they do go;
To see 'em pass a long, O 'tis a most pretty Show:
Through *Cheap-side* and *Faneburch-street*, and so to *Ald-*
(gate Pump,
Each Man with's Spurs in's Horses sides, and his Back-
Sword cross his Rump.

My Lord he takes a Staff in hand, to beat the Bushes o'er,
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before:
A Creature bounceth from a Bush, which made 'em all to
(Laugh,
My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare, but it prov'd an *Essex*
(Calf.

And when they had done their Sport, they came to *Lon-*
don, where they dwell,
Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce
(knew them well;
For 'twas a very great Mercy so many escap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carried out, they brought again
(but five.

A SONG.

A S O N G.



A Rise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy;
 Arise, get up my Dear;
 The night is cold,
 It bloweth, it snoweth,
I must be lodged here.

My Fuggy, my Puggy,
 My Honey, my Bunay,
My Love, my Dove, my Dear,
 O the night is cold,
 It bloweth, it snoweth,
I must be Lodged here.

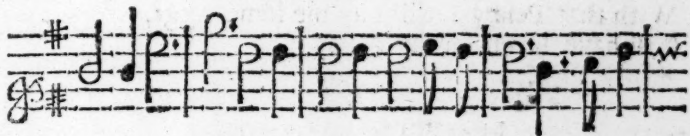
Be gone, be gone, my Focky, my Focky,
 Be gone, be gone my Dear,
 The night is warm,
 'Twill do you no harm;
You cannot be Lodged here:

My *Jocky*, my *Jocky*,
 My *Willy*, my *Billy*,
 My Joy, my Joy, my Dear ;
O the night is warm, &c.

Farewell, farewell, my *Fuggy*, my *Puggy*,
 Farewell my Love and Dear.
 Now will I be gone from whence I come,
 If I cannot be Lodged here.
My Fuggy, &c.

Return, return, my *Willy*, my *Billy*,
 Return my Love and Dear,
 The Weather doth change,
 Then seem not strange,
 Thou shalt be Lodged here.
My Jocky, &c.

A SONG to curb rising Thoughts.





THere was an old Woman who had but one Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee;
 He took great Pains,
 But got little Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
Wish a fadaridle lab fa la da riddle la, fa la la fa la la re.

And as he was a going home,
 He met his old Mother upon the High-way,
 O Mother quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
Wish a Fa, &c.

I ha begg'd Butter-milk all this long day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long,
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Than e'er I had when I was Young.
Wish a Fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have, you shall see,
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 I shall have seven for my Penny.
Wish a Fa, &c.

And those seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps seven Cocks they may chance for to be,
 And when those seven Cocks are seven Capons,
 There will be seven Half-crowns for me.
Wish a Fa, &c.

But as he was a going home,
 Accounting up of his riches all,
 His foot it flumbled against a Stone,
 Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all,
 With a Fa, &c. Chorus.
His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd,
This 'tis to count Chickens before they are Hatch'd.
 With a Fa da, &c.

The Reformed Drinker.



Come my Hearts of Gold,
 Let us be merry and wise;
 It is a Proverb of Old,
 Suspicion hath double Eyes:
 Whatsoever we say or do,
 Let's not drink to disturb the Brains,
 Let's laugh for an hour or two,
 And ne'er be Drunk again.

A cup of old Sack is good,
 To drive the cold Winter away,
 'Twill cherish and comfort the Blood
 Most when a Man's Spirits decay;

But

But he that doth drink too much,
 Of his head he will complain;
 Then let's have a gentle touch,
 And ne'er be Drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
 But Man was not made for it,
 Let's be Merry as we can,
 So we drink not away our Wit:
 Good Fellow-ship is abus'd,
 And Wine will infect the Brain,
 But we'll have't better us'd,
 And ne'er will be drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
 A Quart among three or four,
 'Twill make us stand on our feet,
 While others lye drunk on the Floor:
 Then Drawer go fill a quart,
 And let it be Claret in grain,
 'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,
 But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a Health to our noble King,
 And to the Queen of his Heart;
 Let's laugh and merrily sing,
 And he's a coward that will start.
 Here's a Health to our General,
 And to those that were in *Spain*,
 And to our Colonel;
 And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feast,
 If a Man did but measure know;
 A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
 For he'll drink till he cannot go.
 If a Man could Time recall
 In a Tavern that's spent in vain,
 We'd learn to be Sober all,
 And never be Drunk again.

*A true Character of sundry TRADES
and CALLINGS: Or a new Ditty of
Innocent Mirth.*

To the same Tune.

NOW Gentlemen sit ye all Merry,
I'll sing you a Song of a *Want*,
I'll make you as Merry as may be,
tho Monies begin to grow scant:
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
she never can Scold very loud,
'Tis just such another great Want,
when a Fidler wants his Crowd.
*Good People, I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.*

A Ship that's without e'er a Sail,
may be driven the Lord knows whither,
'Tis just such another sad Want,
when a Shoemaker wants his Leather.
A Man that has got but one Leg,
will make but a pitiful Runner,
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
*Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.*

The Second Part, to the same Tune

A Doctor without any Stomach,
 will make but a pitiful Dinner,
 And he that has got no Victuals to eat,
 will quickly look thinner and thinner.
 A Bell without ever a Clapper,
 will make but a sorrowful sound,
 And he that has no Land of his own,
 may work on another Man's Ground.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

A Blacksmith without his Bellows,
 he need not to rise very soon,
 And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
 may lye a Bed till Noon:
 An Inkeeper without any Custom,
 will never get store of Wealth,
 And if he has never a Sign to hang up,
 he may e'en go hang up himself.
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
 he is but a sorrowful Soul,
 And if that he has no Corn to grind,
 he need not stand taking of Toll.
 The Taylor we know he is loath
 to take any Cabbage at all,
 If he has no Silk, Stuff or Cloth,
 to do that good Office withal.
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e'er a Fault,
she like a bright Star will appear,
But a Brewer without any Mault,
will make but pitiful Beer.

A Man that has got but one Shirt,
when e'er it is wash'd for his Hide,
I hope it can't be no great hurt,
to lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd.
Good People, &c.

A Mountebank without his Fools,
and a Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place,

A Tinker without any Tools,
they are all in a sorrowful case.

You know that a Dish of good Meat,
it is the true stay of Man's Life,
But he that has nothing to eat,
he need not to draw out his Knife.

Good People, &c.

A Pedlar without e'er a Stock,
it makes him look pitiful Blew,

A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
has little or nothing to do.

A Farmer without any Corn,
he neither can give, sell or lend,

A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
his Wife she must stand his good Friend.

Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think he may live at his ease,

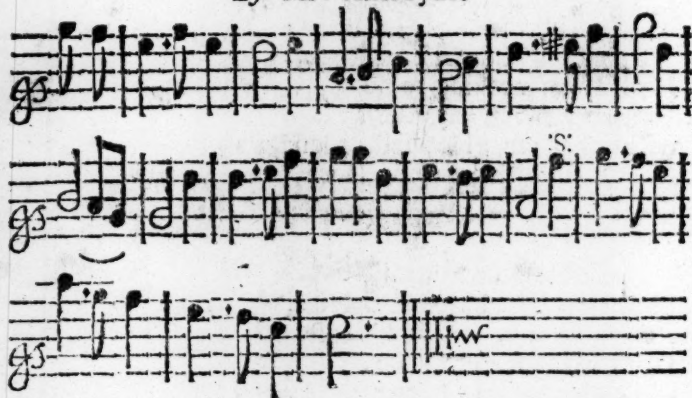
A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
will make but bad Butter and Cheese.

A Man that is pitifal Poor,
 has little or nothing to lose
 And he that has never a Foot,
 it saves him the buying of Shoes.
Good People, &c.

A Warren without e'er a Coney,
 is Barren, and so much the worse,
 And he that is quite without Money,
 can have no great need of a Purse.
 I hope there is none in this place,
 that now is not pleas'd with this Song;
 Come buy up my Ballads a-pace,
 and I'll pack up my Awls and be gone.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I bate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

The New England Ballad.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



VVill you please to give ear a while unto me,
 And streight I chill tell you where c'h'have
 (been: C'ha

C[']ha been to *New England*, but now cham come o'er
I'ch think they shall catch me go thither no more.

Before Ise went thither, Lord, how Voke did tell
How Vishes did grow, and how Birds did dwell
All one amongst 'tother, in the Wood and the Water,
Ise thought had been true, but I found no such matter.

When first Ise did Land, they mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all days on a *Saturday Night*;
Ise wondred to see strange Buildings were there,
'Twas all like the Standings at *Woodbury Fair*.

Well that Night I slept till near Prayer time,
Next Morning I wonder'd I hear'd no Bells Chime;
At which I did ask, and the Reason I found,
'Twas because they had ne'er a Bell in the Town.

At last being Warned, to Church we repair'd,
Where I did think cetrain we should have some Pray'rs,
But the Parson there no such matter did Teach,
They scorned to Pray, for all one could Preach.

The first thing they did a Psalm they did Zing,
Ise pluck'd out my Psalm-book I with me did bring,
And tumbled to seek him, cause they caw'd him by's name,
But they'd got a new Zong to the Tune of the same.

When Sermon was ended, was a Child to Baptize,
'Bout Zixteen Years old, as Volks did say;
He had neither Godfather, nor Godmother, yet was he

But the Priest durst not Cross him, for fear of ill will.

Ah, Sirrah, thought I, and to dinner Ise went,
And gave the Lord Thanks for what he had sent;
Next day was a Wedding, the Brideman my Friend,
Did kindly Invite me, so thither Ise wend.

But this above all, me to Wonder did bring,
 To see Magistrate Marry them, and had ne'er a Ring.
 He thought they would call me the Woman to give,
 But I think the Man Stole her, they ask no Man leave.

Now this was *New Dorchester*, as they told me,
 A Town very Famous in all that Country.
 They said 'twas new Buildings; I grant it is true,
 Yet methinks Old *Dorchester's* as fine as the New.

(Heart,
 Well, there I stay'd amongst 'em till ch' was weary at my
 At length there came Shipping, I got leave to depart;
 But when all was ended, and ch' was coming away,
 I had threescore good Shillings at last for to pay.

But when I saw this, I swore on the more,
 That I'd stay there no longer to swear upon Shoar.
 He bid a Farewell to their Fowlers and Fishers,
 Praying God to bless Old *England* and all the good
 (Wishers.

The Ballad of the Fox-Hunting.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



To



TO Hunt the Fox is an old sport,
 Used both in City and Court;
 Nor are the *Academicks* free,
 No Beasts they Chase so much as he.
 They that think all Pleasures vain,
Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will sometime
(follow the Fox's Train.)

The Gallant who each Hour invents
 Some pretty pleasing Compliments,
 And thinks no phrase so neat and pure,
 As *Vot tres humble Serviteur*,
 Slights his Lady's nice Disdain,
And sometimes follows, &c.

The plodding Student that doth look
 Upon no Object but his Book,
 And thinks that all he doth Project,
 Too wise is for old Men t' effect.
 Will sometimes ease his troubled Brain,
By following, &c.

The Clergy-men live merry Lives,
 They get fine Livings and fine Wives;
 The Church's State they finely Rule,
 Yet with a Cup their Zeal they'll cool:
 The Poet writes no pleasant Strain,
Unless he follows, &c.

Physicians that with Skill profound,
 Can make the sickly Patient sound;
 They cure one Grief, and leave a worse,
 Call'd the consumption of the Purse,

Yet once a Month will not refrain,
But follows still, &c.

The Lawyers, as I understand,
Can warrant your Cause, if it be good,
And tempting Fees on both sides take,
And new *Demurs* can make :
Although his chief delight is Gain,
He follows still, &c.

The little Fox at length is found,
Where he lyes lurking under Ground ;
He Earths himself in Cellars deep,
When he from Mortals View would creep,
Till gentle Slumber charms his Brain,
And then concludes, and then concludes the Fox's Train.

The Longing M A I D.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



There



There was a Maid the other day,
 That sigh'd fore God wor,
 And said all Wives might sport and play,
 But Maidens they may not :
 Full fifteen I have liv'd she said,
 Poor Soul, since I was Born,
 And if I chance to die a Maid,
Apollo is Forsworn.

*Oh, Oh, for a Husband,
 Still this was her Song,
 I will have a Husband, I will have a Husband,
 A Husband Old or Young.*

An Ancient Suitor to her came,
 His Beard was almost gray ;
 Tho he was Old, and she was Young,
 She could no longer stay.
 Unto her Mother went this Maid,
 And told her by and by,
 That she a Husband needs must have,
Oh, Oh, &c.
 She had a reason why.

She had not been a Wedded Wife
One quarter of a Year;
But she was weary of this Life,
And grew into a Jeer:
The old Man shorting by her side,
She'd nought but Sigh and Groan;
Did ever Woman this abide?
'Tis better lye alone

*Oh, Oh, Oh, with a Husband what a Life lead I,
Out out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fi, Fi, Fi, fi, fi, fi.*

To live a Wedded Life she said,
A Twelve Month, 'tis too long,
As I have done, poor Soul, she cry'd,
That am both Fair and Young;
When other Wives can have their Will,
They are not like to me;
I mean to go and try my skill,
And seek a Remedy.

*Oh, Oh, Oh, with a Husband what a Life lead I,
Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
Fi, fi, fi, fi, fi, fi.*

A Woman once found Out.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



THo bootless I must needs complain.

My Fate is so Extream ;
I Lov'd, and was Belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream ;
For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone,
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so Fair,
Shall any more beguile
My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile ;
I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is so fairly shewn ;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should.

Should now the little God conspire
 Again t' entrap my Mind,
 And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
 Alas, the Boy's too Blind:
 For such I'll never venture Smiles,
 Nor hazard Mirth for none,
 Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is soon burnt out,
 The Diamond's light abides,
 The Fire her Glory hurls about,
 The her Virtue hides:
 That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews light to none,
 For if to e'ry Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought:
 With Colours not in Grain,
 Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
 Into my hands again:
 I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
 I'll live upon my own,
 Nor shall affection trouble it;
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
 My loving Labour's lost,
 I'll be no more so rarely blest,
 To be so strangely crost.
 The Love-lost Turtle so doth die,
 The Phœnix is but one,
 They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

The Ballad of all the TRADES.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



OH the Miller, the dufty mufty Miller ;
 The Miller that beareth on his Back
 He never goes to measure Meal; (Sack.
 But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds ope the

the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
 The Baker that is so full of Sin,
 He never heats his Oven hot, (den in.
 But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his May-

the Brewer, the lufsty, lufsty Brewer,
 The Brewer that brews Ale and Beer,
 He never heats his Liquor hot, (the Geer.
 But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid by

O the

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
The Butcher that sells both Beef and Bone,
He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife, (his Stone.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must turn

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
That followeth a weary Trade,
He never shoots his Shuttle right, (Maid.
But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first at his

O the Barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse,
He never goes to wash and shave, (first.
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his Maiden

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard,
He never goes to measure Lace, (Yard.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds out his

O the Blacksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good fellows,
He never heats his Iron hot, (the Bellows.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must blow

O the Tanner, the merry merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good hides into Leather,
He never strips himself to work, (together.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and he's

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle,
He never clencheth home a Nail, (Kettle.
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull holds up the

The Woman wears the Breeches.

Tune of the Children in the Wood. Page 6.

A Pox upon this cursed life,
where shall I make my Moan?
For I am troubled with a Wife,
Like her there's few or none.

Like unto her there cannot be
another, such a one:
For when the Priest did Marry me,
Then my good days were gone.

Therefore take heed good Neighbours all,
I wish you to be ware,
For when my Wife doth Scold and Baul,
Then *Skimington* is there.

This sawcy Jack behind my Back,
And eke before my Face,
Maintains my Wife to Bait and Strife,
Which is a woful case.

And now I see no remedy,
But I must needs complain
On him you know, that wrought this Wo,
In *England*, or in *Spain*.

One *Skimington* about doth run,
In City and in Town,
Come Man and Child with Spear and Shield,
And help to beat him down.

And

And you good Wives, bring out your Knives,
 And cut out both his Stones;
 And two or three then may agree,
 To break some of his Bones.

With Rakes and Reels and Oven-Peels,
 With Mawkin and with Flayl;
 With Whips and Slings, and other things,
 To beat him Top and Tail.

Then let him run to *Islington*,
 Or else into the *Vyes*,
 Where two or three they may agree
 To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to *Coventry*,
 Or else to *London-stone*,
 And like a Wretch in *Middlesex*,
 There let him make his Moan.

All Marry'd Men that see him then,
 Will shake their Heads, and say,
 He shall have neither Meat nor Drink,
 But let him march away.

Then all the Bells in *London Town*
 Shall ring both fine and brave,
 When they have bury'd *Skimington*.
 And laid him in his Grave.

A Ballad

A Ballad of Andrew and Maudlin.



A *Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will*
Margaret and Thomas, and Jocky and Mary,
Kate O'th' Kitchin, and Kit of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
 To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,
 All met on a time with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Andrew was Cloathed in Shepherd's Gray,
 And *Will* had put on his Holy-day Jacket,
Beck had a Coat of *Popin-jay*,

And *Madge* had a Ribbond hung down to her Placket;
Megg and *Moll* in Frize, *Tom* and *Jocky* in Leather,
 And so they began all to Foot it together.

Their

Their Heads, and their Arms about them they flung,
 With all the might and force they had;
 Their Legs went like Flays, and as loosely hung,
 They Cudgel'd their Arses as if they were Mad :
 Their Faces did shine, and there Fires did kindle,
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

Andrew Chuck'd *Maudlin* under the Chin,
 Simper she did like a Furmity Kettle ;
 The twang of whose blobber-lips made such a din,
 As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-mettle.
Kate Laughed heartily at this same smack,
 And loud she did answer it with a Bum-crack.

At no *Whitsun-Ale* there e'er yet had been
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses ;
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,
 But sure I am, much more from their Arses.
 For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,
 You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here they did Fling, and there they did Hoist ;
 Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savor ;
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist ;
 Here they did Simper, and there they did Slaver.
 Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,
 Whilst, hey ! their Sleeves went Flicket-a-flacket.

The Dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk.
 The Maidens did smirk it, the Youngsters did Kiss 'em,
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd hands and drunk,
 They laugh'd and they gigl'd until they Be-pist 'em.
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went a-Pintle a-
 (Pantle.

The QUEEN of MAY.



Upon a time I chanced to walk along a Green,
 Where pretty Lasses danced in strife to chuse a
 (Queen;
 Some homely drest, some handsom, some pretty, and
 (some gay,
 But who excell'd in Dancing, must be the Queen of May.

From Morning till the Evening, their Controversy held,
 And I, as Judge, stood gazing on, to Crown her that
 (excell'd;
 At last when Phœbus Steeds had drawn their Wayn away,
 We found and crown'd a Dam'sel to be the Queen of May.

Full well her Nature from her Face I did admire,
 Her Habit well became her, altho in poor Attire;
 Her Carriage was so good, as did appear that day,
 That she was justly chosen to be the Queen of May.

Then

Then all the rest in Sorrow, and she in sweet Content,
 Gave over till the Morrow, and homewards strait they
 (went;
 But she of all the rest, was hindred by the way,
 For ev'ry Youth that met her, must Kiss the Queen of
 (May.

At last I caught and stay'd her a while with me alone.
 And on a Bank I laid her, when all the rest were gone;
 She fearing some Mischance, cry'd out, forbear, I pray,
 Yet I could still do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May.

Thus we together tumbled at least an Hour and more,
 And like a Fool, I fumbled, as I had done before:
 But when that Night was come, by chance I got the day,
 And yet alas, did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of May.

Her thoughts of coming thither, both Grief and Joy
 (begot,
 She smil'd and wept together, yet knew not well for what,
 And still desir'd to go, but yet she seem'd to stay,
 Yet I alas, &c.

She sigh'd and pray'd for pity that I wou'd once give o'er,
 Yet were her words so Witty, they shew'd she wish'd
 (for more:
 Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray,
 Yet I alas, &c.

Thus shaking Hands, at last we part, but she appear'd
 Both heavy Ey'd and Hearted, with that she felt and
 (fear'd;
 Then turning round, we parted, she speechless went her
 (way,
 Because I could do nothing but Kiss, &c.

The

*The True WORLD.**By Mr. Akeroyde.*

They say the World is full of Pelf,
 But I think there's no Chink,
 For I have little my self;
 When Pockets are full, then Gentleman borrow,
 And one ought not to trust,
 To be paid as to Morrow.

Then

*Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*

Your honest Citizen bends the Brow,
 And complains there's no Gains
 For to be got by Gentlemen now;
 For when he does his Book survey,
 He doth find more left behind,
 Then swears they'll never pay.
Then let them, &c.

When Gentlemen toth' Scrivners come,
 They will crave their Name to have,
 And the next day will give them their Doom;
 Mean time the Usurer Plots his Head
 About the 'tate left of late
 By the Father, who is yet scarce Dead.
Then let them, &c.

If you your Gamester will accost,
 He'll prevent your Intent
 With G. D. him his Money's lost.
 Your Courtier he can kiss your Hand,
 Cog and Lie, and Deny, (mand.
 And swear if he had it, you should it com-
*Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*

The R I D D L E.

By Mr. Ackeroyde.



Cho.



MY pretty Maid, fain would I know
 What thing it is will breed Delight,
 That strives to stand, yet cannot go,
 That feeds the Mouth that cannot bite.
 With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grum-
 bledum, bey.
 With a Humbledum Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
 dum, bey.

It is a pretty pricking thing,
 A pleasing and a standing thing ;
 'Twas the Truncheon *Mars* did use,
 A Bed-ward bit, which Maidens choose.
With a Humbledum, &c.

It is a Shaft of Cupid's cut,
 'Twill serve to rove, to Prick, to but ;
 There's never a Maid, but by her will
 Will keep it in her Quiver still.
With a Humbledum, &c.

'Tis a Fryer with a bald-Head,
 A Staff to beat a Cuckold Dead ;
 It is a Gun that shoots point-blank ;
 It hits betwixt a Woman's Flank.
With a Humbledum, &c.

It has a Head much like a Mole's,
 And yet it loves to creep in Holes :
 The fairest She that e'er took Life,
 For love of this, became a Wife.

With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
dum, hey.

With a Humbledum Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
dum bey.

*The BEE-HIVE.**By Mr. Akeroyde.*

MY Mistress is a hive of Bees in yonder flowry Garden,
To her they come with loaden Thighs, to ease
them of their Burden :-

As under the Bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the
Wax is Honey,

So under her Waste her Belly is plac'd, and under that,
(her C---y.

My Mistress is a Mine of Gold, would that it were her
 (Pleasure,
 To let me dig within her Mold, and roll among her
 (Treasure.
 As under the Moss the Mold doth lye, and under the
 (Mold is Money,
 So under, &c.

My Mistress is a Morn of May, which drops of Dew,
 (down stilleth,
 Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down
 (sweetly trilleth.
 As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, so under the Mist
 (it is Sunny
 So under, &c.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of
 Water sweet,
 That doth refresh each wither'd thing lyes trodden un-
 (der Feet.
 Her Belly is both white and soft, and downy as any
 (Bunny,
 That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her
 (C---y.

My Mistress hath the Magick Sprays, of late she takes
 (such wondrous pain,
 That she can pleasing Spirits raise, and also lay them
 (down again.
 Such power hath my tripping doe, my little pretty
 Bunny,
 That many would their Lives forego, to play but with
 (her C---y.

The forgetful MOTHER.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



MY Mother she will not endure
 That I should Married be,
 Altho my Father do procure
 A Husband fit for me;
 Wherein she doth me much abuse,
 My Father's profer to refuse;
 For younger Maids than I are sped,
 And yet forsooth I must not Wed.

My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
And ill she does me use,
And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
Which grieves me to refuse.
Before she was as old as I,
She with a Man six Weeks did lie.
Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
A Twelve Month's time and more,
As by the Church-Book plain appears,
Which doth my Age implore.
For now I am Sixteen years old,
Why should I then be thus controll'd,
And discontent to lie alone;
None knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in heart and mind,
There is no greater pain
Can fall upon us Woman-kind,
And breedeth all our Pain,
To lie alone all by my self,
It breeds Disease, instead of Health;
And shortly it will end my days,
For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I much commend,
And pains that he doth take;
My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
That I shan't have a Mate.
Altho my Mother doth refuse
That I my youthful time should use,
I mean not long to stay Un-wed,
Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.

CUCKOLDS all.

Tune of *Oh, London is a fine Town.* Page. 40.

Not long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
 'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came in
 (my Head,
 Which caus'd me in the mind to be the meaning for to
 (know,
 With Skill and Wit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Methoughts I heard a Man and's Wife, as they together
 (lay,
 Being quite void of strife, she thus to him did say,
 Quoth she, Sweet-heart, if thou wilt Sport, my Love, to
 thee I'll show
 A pretty thing shall make thee sing of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Peace Wife quoth he to her again, I'm sure thou dost
 (but Jest,
 Altho I am Cornuted plain, I am no common Beast;
 Yet ev'ry Woman's like to thee, for ought that I do know,
 And each Man may be like to me, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

There's neither Lord, nor Gentleman, Citizen, or Clown,
 That liveth in the City, or the Country Town,
 But may carry Horns about them, tho they them never
 (blow,
 For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your Trades-men in the City, that sells by Weight and
 (Measure,
 Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit, or for Ple-
 (sure.
 When they to sell their Wares begin, that make so great
 (a show,
 Their Wives may play at In and In, Cuckolds all a-row.

Your Country prating Lawyers that gets the Devil and
 (all,
 That pleads every Term in *Westminster-Hall*,
 His Wife in the Country, for ought that he does know,
 May let his Client have a Fee. Cuckolds all a-row.

The Parson of the Parish I hope shall not go free,
 While he is in the Study, another Man may be
 A dandling of his wife, and do the thing you know,
 And make him wear his Corner'd cap. Cuckolds all
 (a-row.

If any one offended be, and think I do him wrong,
 For naming of a Cuckold in this my merry Song,
 Let him subscribe his Name, and eke his Dwelling show,
 And he and I will soon agree, like Cuckolds all a-row.

Bacchus against Cupid.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



PRithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
 Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
 Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
 Do not, do not then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
 But will have us Drinking still,

Do but view this Glafs of *Claret*,
 How Invitingly it looks ;
 Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
 Pox of Fighting, or of Books :
 Let us have good store of Wine,
 Hang him then that does repine,

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
 as full as ever it can hold :
 O take heed you do not spill it.
 'Tis mote precious far than Gold ;
 Let us Drink, and then 'twill prove,
 Drinking's better Sport than Love.

Joan to her L A D Y.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Lady, sweet now do not frown,
 Nor in Anger call me Clown;
 For your Servant *Joan* may prove,
 Like your self, as deep in Love;
 And as Absolute a bit,
 Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.
The Smock alone the difference makes,
'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.

What avails the name of Madam?
 Came not all from Father Adam?
 Where does one exceed the other?
 Was not *Eve* our Common Mother?

Then

Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan*?
Truly in my Judgment, none.
The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan*,
Joan's a Piece for Man to bore
With his Wimble, your's no more.
Then what Odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires,
Are the cause of Men's Desires;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue;
Those *Joan* has as well as you,
Then, &c.

What care we for Glorious ights,
Women are used in the Nights;
And in Night in Woman-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then, &c.

Were there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.
Then, &c.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto.
Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fi, Fi, for shame away, away;
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.
Then, &c.

CONSENT at last.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Ladies, why doth Love torment you?

Cannot I your Griefs remove?

Is there none that can content you

With the sweet delights of Love?

O No, no, no, no, no : O No, no no, no, no no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,

Hath the Love and With of all :

Dear, then shall I want the Pleasure,

That commands my Heart and all.

O No! &c.

If I Grieve and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having where withal to please me,
Must I still be Discontent?
O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain.
O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steal a Kiss or two?
O No, &c.

All Amazing, Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or to feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?
O No, &c.

Once more fairest, let me try ye,
Now my wish is fully sped,
If all Night, I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your Bed.
O No, &c.

The Glory of all CUCKOLDS.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



I ften Lordlings to my Story;
I will sing of Cuckolds Glory ;
And thereat let none be Vext,
None can tell whose Turn is next ;
And tho it now is held in scorn,
I'll sing the praise of Noble Horn.

Diana was a Virgin pure,
Among the rest Chaste and Demure,
But you know well that I am sure,
What *Aceon* did endure,
If Men have Horns from such as she,
I pray then let us all agree.

Let

Let thy Friend enjoy his Rest,
What tho he wear *Aceon's* Crest,
Malice nor Venom at him spit,
He wears but what the Gods think fit;
Confess he is by times Recorder,
Knight of great *Diana's* Order.

Luna was no Venial Sinner,
Yet she hath a Man within her;
And to cut off Cuckolds Scorns,
She decks his Head with Silver Horns;
And if the Man in Heaven's thus Drest,
We Men on Earth like him are Blest.

A True S A T Y R.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Long.



Long have I grieved for to see
 Of all Estates in each Degree,
 I have Laugh'd. I have Quaff and have Wept,
 And a stir like a Cur have I kept,
 But now here I stand with a Whip in my Hand,
Come along, come along, come along, come along, I must
lash you.

Come you Divines that should be Pure,
 That keep a Man to serve the Cure;
 You do teach not to Preach, but to show
 Places fine, such Divines as you are slow;
 Your Benefits you'll keep, whilst another feeds the Sheep.
Come along, &c.

Come you that live so by the Law,
 That keep your Neighbours so in Awe;
 If a Hog or a Beast you espy
 In the Ground, to the Pound they must hie:
 Whole Towns you will Bruit with a Pettifogging Suit.
Come along, &c.

Come you that brag so of your Wealth,
 Because you have a little Pelf;
 'Tis your Gold makes you so bold to do wrong,
 Men are the worse that your Purse is so strong,
 To build Houses high to the People's Misery.
Come along, &c.

But

But what's become of the Estate,
The which your Father left of late;
You have no care for to spare, but to spend,
Till you bring ev'ry thing to an end; (Wealth.
You'll drink away your Health, and Dice away your
Come along, &c.

Come you Quack-salvers that do kill
Sometimes a Patient by your Skill;
You will urge them to Purge and let Blood,
You will tell that it will do them good; (worse.
You will ease them of their Purse, tho their Bodies be the
Come along, &c.

Come you Ladies that do wear
More Fashions than Sundays in the Year,
With your Locks, Ribbond-knots, and silk Roses,
With your Spots on your Face and your Noses,
Your bare Breasts and your Back discover what you lack.
Come along, &c.

Come you Tradesmen of the City,
That are so Cunning and so Witty,
I would know how you grow Rich so fast,
You will swear you sell your VVare for less than't cost,
Or else you'll give the buying, but I'll not believe the
Come along, &c. (thing.

Come along you Puritan,
That make your self a Holy Man,
Tho you lift up your Eyes when you Pray,
And frequent four Sermons in a day,
Under pretence of pure Life, and yet will Kiss your Neigh-
Come along, &c. (bour's VVife.

But

But now I am so weary grown,
 That I must let the rest alone:
 I should lash with my Lash, did I dare,
 Many more; now therefore them I'll spare:
 The rest I leave to the Judges and the Shreeve,
And they shall Lash you.

True CONTENT.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
 Such perfect Joys therein I find,
 That it excells all other Blifs
 The World affords or grows by Kind:
 Tho much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my Mind forbids to Crave.

No princely Pomp, no wealthy Store,
No force to win the Victory :
No cunning Wit to salve a Sore,
No shape to feed a loving Eye :
To none of these am I in Thrall,
For why, my Mind to me is all.

Content I live with this my Stay,
I wish no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no mighty Sway,
Look what I want, my Mind supplies :
Thus do I Triumph like a King,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do Want,
I little have, but wish no more ;
They are but Poor, for much they want,
And I am rich with little Store :
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I Give ;
They Lack, I Leave ; they Pine, I Live.

Some weigh their Pleasure by their Lust,
Their Wisdom by the rage of Will ;
Their Treasure is their only Trust,
And crooked Craft their School of Skill ;
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the content of a quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth, and perfect Ease ;
A Conscience clean, my chief Defence ;
I do not seek by Bribes to Please,
Nor by Deceit to give Offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I.

The Bashful S C O T.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Jocky late with Fenny Walking,
 On a day in Summer Season,
 Like a Lout with his Love sat talking,
 When he should be doing Reason:
 Focky lo't, Focky lo't
 His time to Dally, his time to Dally,
 Whilst he cry'd. Sweet, sweet, sweet,
 Sweet Jenny, shall I? shall I?

Fenny,

Jenny, as most Women use,
 To deny when they would have it,
 With faint Tongue she did refuse,
 When her Looks did seem to crave it :
 Still he cry'd, still he cry'd
 When he shou'd dally, when he shou'd dally,
 Jenny *sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, shall I? Shall I?

She that now was grown more willing,
 VVhen she saw his backward dealing,
 To prevent her own Heart's illing,
 With a Sigh her Love revealing;
 Said alas! said alas!
 When he would dally; when he would dally,
Now you stand Sweet, sweet, sweet
Sweet Jenny, Shall I? Shall I?

He perceiv'd by her Replying,
 That a Nay, was Yea, in Woing,
 And that asking without trying,
 Was the way to Love's Undoing ;
 Now he knows, now he knows,
 When he should dally, when he should dally,
 Not to stand *Sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, Shall I? Shall I?

The Wanton T R I C K.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



If any one long for a Musical Song,
 Altho that his Hearing be thick,
 The sound that it bears will ravish his Ears;
 Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A pleasant young Maid on an Instrument Play'd
 That knew neither Note, nor Prick;
 She had a good Will to live by her Skill,
 Whoop, &c.

A Youth in that Art well seen in his Part,
 They call'd him *Derbyshire Dick*,
 Came to her a Suiter, and wou'd be her Tutor,
 Whoop, &c.

To

To run with his Bow he was not slow,
His Fingers were nimble and quick,
When he play'd on his *Bass*, he raviſh'd the Laſs,
Whoop, &c.

He Woo'd her and Taught her, until he had brought her
To hold out a Crotchet Prick,
And by his direction, ſhe came to Perfection,
Whoop, &c.

With playing and Woing he ſtill would be doing,
And call'd her his pretty ſweet Chick;
His reaſonable Motion brought her to Devotion,
Whoop, &c.

He pleas'd her ſo well, that backward ſhe fell,
And ſwooned as tho ſhe were Sick;
So ſweet was his Note, that up went her Coat,
Whoop, &c.

The ſtring of his *Viol* ſhe put to the Trial,
Till ſhe had the full length of the Stick;
Her white belly'd *Lute* ſhe ſet to his *Flute*,
Whoop, &c.

Thus ſhe with her *Lute*, and he with his *Flute*,
Held every Crotchet and Prick;
She learned at leiſure, yet paid for the Pleaſure,
Whoop, &c.

His *Viol-string* burſt, her Tutor ſhe Curſt,
However ſhe play'd with the Stick,
From *October* to *June* ſhe was quite out of Tune,
Whoop, &c.

With sheming her Hand to make the Pin stand,
 The Musick within her grew Thick,
 Of his *Viol* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
Whoop, &c.

And then she repented that e'er she consented
 To have either Note or Prick,
 For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, &c.

All Maids that make trial of a *Lute*, or a *Viol*,
 Take heed how you handle the Stick:
 If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, &c.

And if that this Ditty forsooth doth not fit ye,
 I know not what Musick to Prick,
 There's never a Strain but in time will be twain,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

The SILLY MAIDS.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Maids



MAids are grown so Coy of late,
 Forsooth they will not Marry,
 Tho they're in their Teens and past,
 They say they yet can tarry;
 But if they knew how sweet a thing
 It is in Youth to Marry,
 They would sell their Hose and Smock,
 E'er they so long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long you know,
 And bitter cold the Weather,
 Then who's so fond to lie alone,
 When two may lie together?
 And isn't not brave when Summer comes,
 With all the Fields inrolled,
 To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
 And wear it Uncontrolled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
 If she had time and leisure,
 Would lay away severest Thoughts,
 And turn to Mirth and Pleasure,
 For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
 Puts on the Face of Folly,
 And Maids do ne'er Repent so much
 As when they are too Holy.

*The North-Country Man's SONG on the
View of London Sights.*

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Vhen Ize came first to *London-Town*,
Ize wor a Noviz, as many mo Men are;
Ize thought the King had live at the Crown,
And all the way to Heaven had been through the Star.

Ize zet up my Horse, and Ize went to *Powls*,
Uds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk beth' here,
Then Ize did swear by all Kurfon Souls
It wor a Mile long, or very near.

The top wor as high as any Hill;
A Hill quo I, nay as a Mountain
But Ize went up with very good Will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For

For as I went up, my Head ga round ;
Then be it known to all Kurfon People,
A Man is no little way fro the Ground,
When he's o'th' top of *Paul's* Steeple.

Ize lay down my Hat, and Ize went to Pray,
But wor not this a Pitiful Case ?
A'vor Ize had done, 'it wor stolen away ;
Who'd a thought Thieves had been in that place ;

Now vor my Hot Ize made great moan,
A flander by then to me zaid,
Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watch'd as well as Pray'd.

From thence to *Westminster* Ize went,
Where many a brave Lawyer Ize did zee.
But zome there had a bad intent ;
I'm zure my Purse was stolen from me.

Now to zee the Tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave Fellows store,
Ise gan them a Penny, that was their Hire,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

Then through the Rooms the Fellow me led,
Where all the Zights wor to be zeen,
And snuffling told me through the Nose,
What formerly the Names of those had been.

Here Lyes, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly'ft like a Knave, he fays never a word ;
And here lies *Richard* the Second Interr'd.
And here stands good King *Edward's* Sword.

And under this Chair lies *Jacob's* Stone,
 The very same Stone is now in the Chair :
 A very good Jest ; Had *Jacob* but one ?
 How got he so many Sons without a Pair ?

Ize staid not there, but down with the Tide
 Ize made great haste, and Ize went my way,
 For Ize was to see the Lions beside,
 And the *Paris-Garden* all in a day.

When Ize came there, Ize was in a Rage,
 Ize rail'd on him that kept the Bears ;
 Instead of a Stake, was suffer'd a Stage,
 And in *Hunks* his House a Crew of Players.

Then through the Bridge to the *Tower* Ize went,
 With much ado Ize enter'd in,
 And after a Penny that I had spent,
 One with a loud Voice did thus begin :]

This Lion's the King's, and that's the Queen's,
 And this is the Prince's that stand's here by,
 With that I went near to look in the Den,
 Cods body ! quoth he, why come you so nigh ;

Ize made great haste unto my Inn,
 Ize Zupt, and Ize went to Bed betimes ;
 Ize Slept, and Ize Dream'd what I had Zeen,
 And wak'd again by *Cheap-side* Chimes.

A Ballad of the Courtier and the Country Clown.



You Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns ;
 We Country Clowns care not for Court ;
 But we'll be as merry upon the Downs,
 As you are at Mid-night with all your Sport.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
 You Eat, you Drink, the Lord knows how ;
 We sit upon Hillocks, and pick-up our Sallets,
 And drink up a Syllabub under a Cow.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masks are made for Knights and Lords,
 And Ladies that go fine and gay ;
 We dance to such Musick the Bag-pipe affords,
 and trick up our Lasses as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Cloaths are made of Silk and Sattin,
 And ours are made of good Sheeps gray;
 You mix your Discourses with pieces of *Latin*,
 We speak our *English* as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Chambers are hung with Cloath of *Arras*,
 Our Meadows bedeck'd as fine as may be,
 And from our Sport you never shall bar us,
 Since *Joan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Courtiers clip and cull upon Beds,
 We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grass,
 And when we have gotten their Maiden-heads,
 They serve to make a Courtier's Lads.
With a Fadding, &c.

You dance Courants and the *French* Braul,
 We Jig the Morris upon the *Green*,
 And we make as good sport in a Country-Hall,
 As you do before the King and the Queen.
With a Fadding, &c.

Then Ladies do not us disdain,
 Although we wear no gaudy Cloaths,
 You'll find as much pith in a Country Swain,
 When he plucks up your gay-embroider'd Cloaths.
With a Fadding, &c.

A Ballad, called COOK-LORREL.

The Words by Ben. Johnson.



COOK-Lorrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bad him once into the *Peak* to Dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a Sinner.

His Stomach was queasie, (for coming there Coacht)
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his Wish,
He sat him down, and he fell to eat,
Promooter in Plumb-broth was the first Dish;
His own privy Kitchen had no such Meat.

Yet tho with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher;
As soon as he spied the Bawd and Bacon;
By this you may note the Devil's a Wencher.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his Pallet,
With Feather-men and Perfumers put,
Some Twelve in a Charger, to make a grand Sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seen Sawce.

Then carbonado'd and cook'd with Pains,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeant's Face,
The Sawce was made of the Yeoman's Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two-roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Curr'd;
Their Chains like Sawfages hung about 'em.

The very next Dish was the Major of a Town,
With a Pudding of Maintenance thrust in his Belly,
Like a Goose in the Feathers, dress'd in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A London Cuckold hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit,
But the Horns were very near like to have choak'd him.

The Chine of a Letcher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick,
A Pandor's Pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was Warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Midwife hot,
And for cold bak'd Meat into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in Crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an overgrown Justice of the Peace,
With a Clerk like a Gizard thrust under each Arm,
And Warrants for Sippets laid in his own Grease,
Set over a Chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable sous'd with Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
A Deputy-Tart, a Church-warden-Pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drank up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce :
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

And there he made such a breath with the Wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court, and Town,
In the Devil's Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From which wicked Weed, with Swine's-flesh and Ling,
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend ;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King,
And send him good Meat and Mirth without end.

A Just B A R G A I N.



I Am a Lover, and 'tis true;
 Fair *Daphne* I'm in Love with you:
 Woman thou art, for ought I see,
 Yet more assur'd I wish to be:
 Such Trial then do not refuse,
 As all Men in their Bargains use.

Men

Men feel the Pullen when they Lay,
If they be plump, and so wou'd I,
Men Ride their Naggs, and try their Pace,
The like wou'd I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know
What Fruit on it is apt to grow?

Now if any of My Parts, or all,
You will then to Tryal call,
You shall both See and Feel, and Taste,
Left you repent your Bargain past:
Then Part with Part let us compare,
There's no deceit in open Ware.

Your Legs and Feet are strait and fine,
And look you here, pray what are mine?
You have a round and lusty Thigh;
And look you here, pray what have I?
But yet that Part that all must bind,
O shew not, lest you strike me Blind.

Old English A L E



I Have been *East*, and I have been *West*,
 I have been far in the *North-Country*;
 I have drank Wine and Beer of the best,
 And Liquor that Men call *Ipsé*.

I've been in *Flanders* and in *France*,
 I've been in *Spain* and *Italy*,
 And I've seen many a Man by chance,
 Fall down to the Ground with *Ipsé*.

The strongest Wine in *Flanders* or *Spain*,
 Or yet in the *Palsgrave's* Country,
 Is nothing like t' our English Ale,
 That Liquor of Life, call'd *Ipsé*.

The strongest Soldier that ever did Fight,
 Or the bravest Commander of a *Marshall's*,
 May be brought to the Ground, I hold him a Groat,
 If he swagger too long with *Ipsé*.

The Preacher, the Teacher, the Priest and the Clerk,
 The Doctor of Law and Divinity,
 May stumble and fall sometimes in the Dark,
 If their Caps be fuddled with *Ipsé*.

It makes grave Counsellors slumber and sleep,
When they should speak, they cannot see,
They sit like Momes, for want of Wit,
When their Caps be fuddled with *Ipse*.

The whiffing Gallants of the Inns of Court,
Do hinder their Studies certainly,
They're sometimes glad to Pawn their Suit,
For fuddling their Caps with *Ipse*.

The Papist, the Puritan Protestant too,
And all other Religions what ever they be,
Altho in some Points they cannot agree,
Yet none of them differ in *Ipse*.

The Taylor that eats more Bread at a Meal,
Than another Tradesman does at three,
A half-penny Loaf will serve him a Week,
If his Cap be fuddled with *Ipse*.

The Smith and the Shooemaker is not behind,
They never were, nor never will be,
If they be Drunk, 'tis but their Kind,
To fuddle their Caps with *Ipse*.

If Tradesmen they would but forego,
The Vices that hinder their Quality,
The Malt-man may go Hang himself,
And the Brewer with his Strong *Ipse*.

The Groweb of Cuckoldom.



I Find I am a Cuckold,
 I care not who doth know it;
 It is my Doom, therefore welcom,
 I mean to undergo it.
 Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
 All you that deride or scorn,
 The proudest he who e'er he be,
 Perchance will wear the Horn.

The Parson of our Parish,
 That no Man thinks Polluted;
 Along with me for Company,
 He kindly goes Cornuted.
 Which makes me sing, Come along, come along.

It is a darksome passion,
And yet there is no fear on't,
Like an Ague Fit they come by it,
Few Gentlemen are clear on't.
Which, &c.

Ten Thousand in this Kingdom,
Are subject to this Branding,
As Squires and Knights, and City Wights,
For want of Understanding.
Which, &c.

The best Jest that ever I heard,
One swore his Wife was Constant,
When behind the Screen and a Door between,
He was Cuckold'd in an Instant.
Which, &c.

At *Westminster* in Term time,
When all the Lawyers Muster,
Like Bucks in *May* you may see them play
With their Velvet Shooes in Clusters.
Which, &c.

If you walk the Town of *London*,
Where the Flat-caps call Men Cousins,
If you look about my Masters out,
You'll find Thirteen to the Dozen.
Which, &c.

If every Woman were serv'd in her kind.



IF every Woman were serv'd in her Kind,
 And every Man had his due Desert,
 The Rooms in Bridewell would be well Lin'd,
 And a Coach would pass in the Streets for a Cart,
 Yet I'm a little vex'd at the Heart,
 And fain wou'd I have my Grief to be known;
 The Parish would have me play a kind Part,
 And Father a Child that is none of my own.

Full Twelve Months I cross'd the Seas,
 Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
 For all the while my Wife sat at her ease,
 And had her Companions at her Command;
 There's never a Gallant but set at her hand,
 And said it was pity she should be alone,
 And now they would have me subscribe to a Bond,
And Father, &c.

Let

Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that,
Altho I'm a Buck, I am not so Wild,
To nail up my Horns for another Man's Hat,
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my Fortune to be overthrown,
Altho I'm an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass.
To Father, &c.

A Man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another Man's Child to Nurse,
And hoodwink his Horns with Ignorance,
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse;
And he that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And still will be led by a Strumpet's Moan,
May sit and sell Horns at *Britain's* Burse,
For Fathering, &c.

And if that you will be my Judge.
Isn't that Man wonderful base,
To be another Man's Slave and his Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace?
No, I was never sprung from that Race,
To call that my Seed that another hath sown,
And I'll never look our King in the Face,
If I Father, &c.

A Ballad

A Ballad on the Old PROVERBS.



I Prithee Sweet-heart grant me my Desire,
 For I am thrown as the Old Proverb goes,
 Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire,
 And there is none that pities my Woes,
 Then hang or drown thy self, my Muse,
 For there is not a T---d to chuse.

Most Maids prove Coy of late, tho they seem Holier,
 Yet I believe they are all of a Mind,
 Like unto like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,
 And they'll be true when the Devil is Blind.
 Let no one trust to their Desire,
 For the burnt Child still dreads the Fire.

What tho my Love as white as a Dove is,
 Yet you would say, if you knew all within,
 Shitten come Shite the beginning of Love is,
 And for her Favour I care not a Pin.
 No Love of mine she e'er shall be,
 Sir-Reverence of her Company.

What

What tho her Disdainfulness my Heart hath Cloven,
Yet I am of so stately a Mind,
I'll not creep in her A---, to bake in her Oven,
Tho 'tis an Old Proverb, that Cat will to Kind.
But I will say until I die,
Farewell and be Hang'd, that's twice Good-by.

Alas, no Enjoyments, nor Comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a Lover,
A T--- is as good for a Sow, as a Pancake;
Swallow that Gudgeon, I'll fish for another.
She ne'er regards my aking Heart;
Tell a Mare a Tale, she'll let a Fart.

Now I'm sure as my Shooe is made of Leather,
Without good Advise ment and fortunate help,
We two shall ne'er set our Horses together,
For she's like a Bear being robb'd of her Whelps:
But as for me it shall ne'er be said,
You've brought an old House o'er your Head

Lo, this is my Counsel to young Men that do Wooc,
Look well before you leap, handle your Geer,
For if you Wink and Shite, you'll ne'er see what you do,
So you may take a wrong Sow by the Ear,
But if she prove her self a Flurt,
Then she may do as does my Shirt.

Fall Back, or fall Edge, I never shall bound be,
To make a Match with Tag-rag, or Long-tail;
He that's born to be Hang'd, never shall Drown'd be,
Best is best cheap, if you hit not the Nail.
Shall I toil Gratis in the Dirt,
First she shall doe as does my Shirt.

Cupid *no* PHYSICIAN.

By Mr. S. Teno.



A restless Lover I espy'd,
 That went from Place to Place,
 Lay down, and turn'd from side to side,
 And sometimes on his Face;
 But when those Med'cines were apply'd,
 In hope of Intermission,
 Like one that found no ease, he cry'd,
Has Cupid no Physician.

What

What do those Ladies with their Looks,
Their Kisses, and their Smiles;
Can no Receipt in those fair Books,
Repair their former Spoils?
But they complain as well as we,
Their Pains have no remission:
And when both Sexes wounded be,
Has Cupid no Physician?

Have we such Palfies and such Pains,
Such Fevers, and such Fits,
No quick Essential Chymick Grains,
No *Æsculapius* Wits?
No Creature can beneath the Sun,
Prevail in Opposition,
And when such Wonders may be done,
Has, &c.

Into what Poisons do they dip
Their Arrows and their Darts,
That touching but our fingers end,
The Pain doth prick our Hearts.
Now I perceive before I get
Into the Inquisition,
Death never had a Surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid a Physician.

The Young Maid's Portion.

NOW all my Friends are lay'd in Grave,
 And nothing they have left me,
 But a *Mark* a Year my Mother gave,
 By which for to protect me:
 Yet I live on the Leaguer still,
As brave as any Lady,
And all is with a Mark a Year;
The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
 My Coach upon me tending,
 If any one be cut or slash'd,
 Or any one Offending,
 They'll bear me out in all the Rout,
As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my Damask Gown,
 My lac'd Shooes of Spanish-Leather,
 A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
 And a dainty Plume of Feather,
 I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave, &c.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
 Is welcome to my Oven ;
 The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
 Whose Beard's but newly shaven,
 All's one to me, who's e'er he be,
 He's welcome still as may be,
 God a mercy Mother, for thy Gift
 Is a Portion for a Lady.

The RESOLUTION.

Set by Mr. King.



Now fie upon 'a jealous Brain,
 That doth his Love Mistrust,
 Whose scorching Blood runs through each Vein,
 To judge his Looks unjust :
 Give me that noble minded Heart,
 That never will do so,
 But loves by Nature, not by Art,
And let all others go.

Let

Let no man think that *Cupid's* Shot,
 Can wound an honest Breast,
 He that still fears a jealous Plot,
 Will never live at Rest :
 That Man I love, that hates to fear
 The slander of a Foe,
 'Tis he that shall my Favour wear.
And let all others go.

If any do my Vertue Praise,
 And thinks to flatter me,
 His Subtile Tongue his Heart betrays,
 His Follies I can see ;
 That Man I'll have, will not suspect
 An honest Woman's No,
 'Tis he shall be my choice Elect,
And, &c.

Some Men by Witchcraft seek to gain
 Their Love with charmed Spice,
 Such Love I scorn to entertain,
 Fram'd by a base Device ;
 I'll humour him that seeks no Charms,
 Nor *Cerberus* Cups below,
 I'll hug him in my Ivory Arms,
And let, &c.

He that threatens when I smile,
 I'll vex him when he Weeps ;
 He that Loves but a Watching-while,
 I'll Horn him when he Sleeps :
 But he that with unsported Breast,
 Bears Love as pure as Snow,
 Shall be my Guest at *Cupid's* Feast,
And let all others go.

LOVE for LOVE.

Set by Mr. King.



Shall I waiving in Despair,
 Die because a Woman's Fair;
 Or make pale my Cheeks with Care,
 Because anothers Rosie are:
 Be she fairer than the day.
 Or the flowry Mead in May,
 If she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall

Shall my foolish Heart be pin'd,
Cause I see a Woman's kind,
Or a well-disposed Nature
Joined with a comely Feature?
Be she mild, or kinder than
The *Turtle-Dove*, or *Pelican*,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how Kind she be.

Shall a Woman's Vertue move
Me to perish for her Love,
Or her Merits Value known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with Goodness blest,
As may deserve of Men the best,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how good she be.

'Cause her Fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and Die?
She that bears a noble Mind,
If not outward Helps she find,
Thinks what with them she will do,
That without them she dares Woe:
And unless that Mind I see,
What care I how good she be.

Be she Good, or Kind, or Fair,
I will ne'er the more Despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall Grieve.
If she slight me when I Woe,
I will scorn and slight her too;
For if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

The Country-man's DELIGHT.

IN Summer time when Flowers do spring,
 and Birds sit on a Tree,
 Let Lords and Knights say what they will,
 there's none so Merry as we :
 There's *Will* and *Moll*,
 Here's *Harry* and *Doll*,
 With *Brian* and bonny *Betty* ;
 'Oh, how they did *ferk* it,
 Caper and *ferk* it,
 Under the *Green-wood Tree*.

Our

Our Musick is a little Pipe,
that can so sweetly play,
Whom we do hire from *Whitson-tide*,
till latter *Lamas-day* :
On Sabbath-days,
And Holy-days,
After Evening-Prayer comes he,
And then, &c.

Come play us *Adam* and *Eve*, says *Dick*,
What's that, says little Pipe ?
It is the beginning o'th' World quoth *Dick*,
for we are Dancing-ripe :
It's that you call,
Then have at all,
He play'd with a merry Glee,
O then, &c.

In comes our Gaffer *Underwood*,
and sets him on the Bench,
His Wife and Daughter *Ne'er-be-good*,
that pretty round-fac'd Wench :
There's Neighbour *Chuck*,
And *Habakkuk*,
They all come there to see,
Oh, How, &c.

From thence we go to Sir *William's Ground*,
and a rich old Cub is he,
And there we dance around, around,
But the Devil a Penny we see :
From thence we get
To *Summer-set*,
Where Men be frolick and free,
And there, &c.

The Second Part.

MY Lord's Son must not be forgot,
 So full of merry Jest,
 He Laughs to see the Girls so hot,
 and jumps in with the rest :
 He doth them assail
 With his Calves Tail,
 And he thrusts it in to see,
O ! how they do, &c.

A Pox of all those snuffling Knaves,
 that do our Sports despise,
 We value not the sneaking Slaves,
 They're more precise than Wise :
 Bots on them all
 both great and small,
 And such Hypocrisie,
For we will, &c.

Tho bonny *Nell* do bear the Bell,
 'mongst Gallants gay and gaudy,
 Our *Margery's* as light as she,
 and yet she is not Bandy :
 When she with trusty *Arthur* meets,
 and *Bab* with *Barnaby*,
O ! how they do frig it,
Fump it and Fig it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

We fear no Plots of *Jews* or *Scots*,
 For we are jolly Swains,
 With Plow and Cow, and Barley-Mow,
 we busie all our Brains :

No City Cares,
Nor Merchant's Fears
Of Wrack, or Piracy,
Therefore we can Flant it,
Revel and Rant it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, at *Whitson-Ales*,
we dance a merry fit,
When *Susan* sweet with *John* doth meet,
She gives him Hit for hit;
From Head to Foot,
She holds him to't,
And jumps as high as he:
O! how they do spring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

With Ribbon red in Hat on head;
young *Ralph* doth skip and jump,
Foan has a new long Scarf of blew,
that reaches to her Rump:
With Petty-coats
As light as Moats,
Which in the Sun we see,
O! how they did skip it,
Trample and Trip it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
in City, Court, or Camp,
We fear no *Covent-Garden* Gout,
nor *Pickadilly* Cramp:

From Scurvy we
 Are always free,
 And ever more shall be,
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it, and Frisk it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
 like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs,
 We have no twinge to make us cringe
 or crinkle in the Hams.
 When some Disease
 Doth on us seize,
 With one consent go we,
To Fig it and Firk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

When we're well fir'd and almost tir'd,
 that Night is drawing on,
 And that we must confess (as just)
 our dancing day is done :
 The Night is spent
 With more content,
 For then we all agree,
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock it and Knock it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

The three Glorious Things.

Sett by Mr. Teno.



IT is my delight both Night and day,
 To Praise the Women a much as I may:
 Three things be Glorious,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 The Sun, an Angel, and a Woman.
It is my delight both Night and day,
To praise the Woman as much as I may.

Three things be Precious,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 Bright Pearl, fine Gold, and a Woman.
It is my delight, &c.

Three Things there be Lowring,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Pidgeon, a Turtle-Dove, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there be Loving,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 An Ape, an old Fox, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things will be Angry,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Wasp, a Wesel, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things will be Scratching,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Cat, a Briar, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things will be a Chattering;
 I'll tell you, if I can,
 A Pye, a Popinjay, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things will lie close to a Man,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Flea, a Loufe, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things must be Beaten,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Stock-fish, a Mill-stone, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things must be stuffed,
I'll tell you if I can;
A Pudding, a Cushion, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild-Colt, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there are will make you Lean,
I'll tell you if I can,
Brown Bread, small drink, and a curst Quean.
It is, &c.

From these three Plagues, I'll pray as I can,
To bless and to keep every Honest Man.
It is, &c.

A RIDDLE Wittily Expounded.



THere was a Lady of the North-Country,
Lay the Bents to the bonny Broom,
And she had lovely Daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la rare.

There was a Knight of noble Worth,
lay the Bent, &c.
 Which also lived in the North,
fa la, &c.

The Knight of Courage, stout and brave,
lay the Bent, &c.
 A Wife he did desire to have,
fa la, &c.

He knocked at the Lady's Gate,
lay the Bent, &c.
 One Evening when it was late,
fa la, &c.

The youngest Sister let him in,
lay the Bent, &c.
 And pin'd the Door with a silver Pin,
fa la, &c.

The second Sister she made his Bed,
lay the Bent, &c.
 And laid soft Pillows under his Head,
fa la, &c.

The Youngest that same Night,
lay the Bent, &c.
 She went to Bed to this young Knight,
fa la, &c.

And in the Morning when it was day,
lay the Bent, &c.
 These words unto him she did say,
fa la, &c.

Now you have had your will (quoth she)
lay the Bent, &c.
 I pray Sir Knight will you Marry me,
fa la, &c.

The young brave Knight to her reply'd,
lay the Bent, &c.

Thy suit fair Maid, shall not be deny'd,
fa la, &c.

If thou can'st answer me Questions three,
lay the Bent, &c.

This very day I will Marry thee:
fa la, &c.

Kind Sir, in Love, O then quoth she,
lay the Bent, &c.

Tell me what your three Questions be,
fa la, &c.

O what is longer than the way?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is deeper than the Sea?
fa la, &c.

Or what is louder than the Horn?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is sharper than a Thorn?
fa la, &c.

Or what is greener than the Grass?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is worse than a Woman was:
fa la, &c.

The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions.

O Love is longer than the way,
lay the Bent, &c.

And Hell is deeper than the Sea,
fa la, &c.

And Thunder's louder than the Horn,
lay the Bent, &c.

And Hunger's sharper than a Thorn,
fa-la, &c.

And Poyson's greener than the Grass,
lay the Bent, &c.

And the Devil's worse than the Woman was,
fa-la, &c.

When she these Questions answered had,
lay the Bent, &c.

The Knight became exceeding glad,
fa-la, &c.

And having truly try'd her Wit,
lay the Bent, &c.

He much commended her for it,
fa-la, &c.

And after, as 'tis verifi'd,
lay the Bent, &c.

He made of her his lovely Bride,
fa-la, &c.

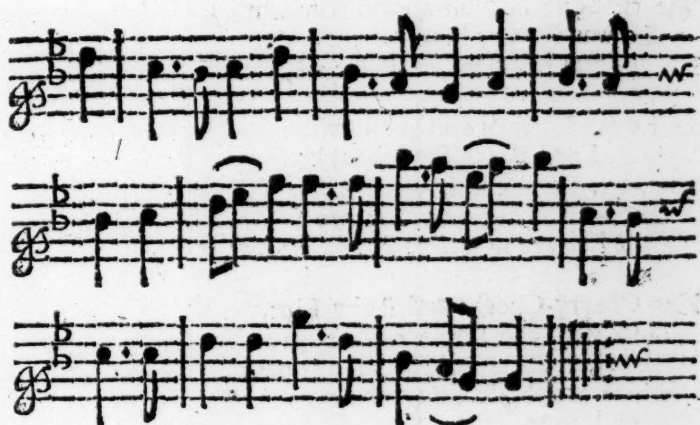
So now fair Maidens all adieu,
lay the Bent, &c.

This Song I dedicate to you,
fa-la, &c.

I wish that you may Constant prove,
lay the Bent to the bonny Broom,

Unto the Man that you do love,
fa-la la la, fa, la la-la rare.

The Cumberland L A S S.



THere was a Lass in *Cumberland*,
 a bonny Lass of high Degree :
 There was a Lass, her name was *Nell*,
 the blithest Lass that e'er you see :
Ob ! to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lass that comes to bed to me ;
Blith and bonny may she be,
the Lass that comes to bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
 so did her Brother fancy *Nell* :
 But all their Loves came short of mine,
 as far as *Tweed* is from the *Tyne*.
Ob ! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
 four of them she gave to me ;
 She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
 and all to make a Sark for me,
Ob ! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She

She pluck'd a Box out of her Purse,
 of four gold Rings she gave me three ;
 She thought her self no whit the worse,
 She was so very kind to me.

Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

If I were Lord of all the North,
 to Bed and Board she should be free,
 For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
 that is in all her own Country :

Oh ! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
 doth with the Damask-Rose agree,
 With other Parts, which I'll not name,
 which are so pleasing unto me :

Oh ! to bed to me, &c.

Far have I rid both East and West;
 and been in many a strange Country;
 Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
 compar'd with *Cumberland Nelly* :

Oh ! to bed, &c.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
 she takes it kind and Courteously,
 And hath such pretty winning Charms,
 the like whereof you ne'er did see :

Oh ! to bed to me, &c.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland*
 to be compar'd with smiling *Nell*,
 She hath so soft and white a Hand,
 and something more that I'll not tell.

Oh ! to bed to me, &c.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
there did I treat her Courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot,
to stay all Night and Lig with me,
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
but by consent we did agree,
That she for a fancy, there should stay,
and come at Night to bed to me :
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
and with her hand she smooth'd it down;
She kiss'd me thrice, and smiling said,
my Love, I fear thou wilt sleep too soon :
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

Into my bed I hasted strait,
and presently she follow'd me,
It was but in vain to make her wait,
for a Bargain must a Bargain be :
Oh! to bed, &c.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
and stroak'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest, we let it pass,
for she afterward sung Lulaby :
*Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lass that came to bed to me,
Blith and bonny sure was she,
the Lass that came to bed to me.*

The Northumberland BAG PIPE.



A Shepherd sat him under a Thörn;
 he pull'd out his Pipe, and began for to play,
 It was on a *Mid-summers-day* in the Morn,
 for honour of that Holy-day:
 A Dirty he did chant along,
 that goes to the Tune of *Cater-Bordee*,
 And this was the burthen of his Song,
 If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee,
 to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

And

And whilst this Harmony he did make,
 a Country Damosel from the Town,
 A Basket on her Arm she had,
 a gathering Rushes on the Down :
 Her Bongrace was of Wended Straw ;
 from the Sun's hot Beams her Face is free,
 And thus she began when she him saw,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

Then he pull'd out his Pipe, and began to sound,
 whilst tempting on her Back she lay,
 But when his quavering Note she found,
 how sweetly then this Lass could play :
 She stopp'd all Jumps, and she reveal'd,
 she kept all Time with Harmony,
 And looking on him, sighing said,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

She never so much as Blush'd at all,
 the Musick was so charming sweet,
 But e'er and anon to him she'd call,
 and bid him be active, turn and meet :
 As thou art a boon Shepherd's Swain,
 I am a Lass am come to Woove thee,
 To play me another double Strain,
And doubt not but I will dance to thee, &c.

Altho I am but a filly Maid,
 who ne'er was brought up at Dancing-School,
 But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,
 you find that I can keep Time and Rule :
 Now see that you keep your Stops aright,
 for Shepherd, I am resolv'd to view thee,
 And play me the Damsel's chief Delight,
Then never doubt but I'll dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd again did tune his Pipe,
 and plaid her a Lesson loud and shrill,
 The Damsel his Face did often wipe,
 with many a Thank for his good will;
 And said, I was ne'er so pleas'd before,
 and this is the first time that I knew thee,
 Come play me this very Jig, once more,
And never doubt, but I'll dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd he said, as I am a Man,
 I have kept playing from Morning till Noon,
 Thou know'st I can do no more than I can;
 my Pipe is clearly out of Tune:
 To ruin a Shepherd I'll not seek,
 said she, for why should I undo thee,
 I can come again to the Down next Week,
*And thou shalt Pipe, and I'll dance to thee,
 to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee.*

The Hide-Park FROLICK.





ONe Evening a little before it was dark,
 sing tan tara rara tan-tivee,
 I call'd for my Gelding, and rid to *Hide-Park*
 On tan tara rara tan-tivee :
 It was in the merry Month of *May*,
 When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and gay
 And Flowers apparel'd as bright as the day,
I got upon my Tan-tivee :

The *Park* shone brighter than the Skies,
 sing tan tara rara tantivee,
 With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies Eyes,
 that sparkled and cry'd come see me :
 Of all parts of *England Hide-Park* hath the name,
 For Coaches and Horses, and Persons of Fame ;
 It looked at first sight like a Field full of Flame,
Which made me ride up Tan-tivee.

There hath not been seen such a sight since *Adam's*
 for Perriwig, Ribbond and Feather,
Hide-Park may be term'd the Market of Madams,
 or *Lady-Fair*, chuse you whether :
 Their Gowns were a yard too long for their Legs,
 They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into Rags,
 A garden of Flowers, or a Navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.

Among

Among all these Ladies, I singled out one,
 to prattle of Love and Folly ;
 I found her not Coy, but jovial as *Foan*,
 or *Betty*, or *Margret*, or *Molly* :
 With Honours and Love, and stories of Chances,
 My Spirit's did move, and my Blood she advances,
 With twenty *Quomundrums*, and fifty five Fancies,
I'd have been at her Tan-tivee.

We talk'd away time until it grew dark,
 the Place did begin to grow privy ;
 For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,
 their Horses did gallop tantivee :
 But finding my Courage a little to come,
 I sent my Bay Gelding away by my Groom,
 And proffer'd my Service to wait on her Home,
In her Coach we went both Tantivee.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait-lac'd,
 she cry'd, I shall never believe ye ;
 This Arm full of Sattin I bravely embrac'd,
 and fain would have been at Tan-tivee :
 Her Lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
 She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
 And like a bold Archer, I aim'd at the White,
Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

With many Denials she yielded at last,
 Her Chamber being wondrous privy,
 That I all the Night there might have my repast,
 to run at the Ring tan-tivee.
 I put of my Cloaths, and I tumbled to Bed,
 She went in her Closet to dress up her Head,
 But I peep'd in the Key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.

She took off her Head-tire, and shew'd her bald Pate,
 her Cunning did very much grieve me,
 Thought I to my self, if it were not so late,
 I would home to my Lodgings believe me. • Her

Her hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
Her bald-pate did look like an *Ostrich's Egg*,
This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement drive me :
She put up her Finger, and out dropt her Eye ;
I pray'd that some Power would relieve me :
But now my resolves was never to trouble her,
Or venture my Carkas with such a blind Hobler.
She look'd with one Eye just like *Heuson the Cobler*,
When he us'd to ride Tan-tivee.

I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
thought I, tho't be Midnight I'll leave thee ;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,
this Quean had intents to deceive me :
She drew out her Handkerchief as I suppose,
To wipe her high Fore-head, off dropt her Nose,
Which made me run quickly and put on my Hose,
The Devil is in my Tan-tivee.

She washt all the Paint from her Vizage, and then
she look'd just, (if you will believe me)
Like a *Lancashire Witch* of four score and ten ;
and as the Devil did drive me,
I put on my Cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbl'd down stairs, broke open the doors,
And down to my Country again to my Bores
Next morning I rid Tan-tivee.

You North-Country Gallants that live pleasant Lives,
let not Curiosity drive ye,
To leave the fresh Air, and your own Tenant's Wives,
for Sattin will sadly deceive you :
For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-Park Peacock*,
But find out a Ruffet-coat Wench and a Hay-cock,
And there I will ride Tan-tivee.

The

The Beggar's DELIGHT.

Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,
 that silly poor Swains in Love should be,
 For Love lies hid in Rags all torn,
 as well as in Silks and Bravery :
 For the Beggar he loves his Lads as dear,
 as he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,
 He that has thousand Pounds a Year.

State and Title are pitiful things,
 a lower State more happy doth prove,
 Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,
 with the Beggar hath equal Joys in Love ;
 And my pretty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,
 hath always as killing, killing, killing,
 Hath always as killing Charms as they.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,
 which perhaps hath been lost some years before,
 A Beggar will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,
 Content with Love to lye, and live Poor :

Our

Our eager Embraces in Coal-sheds
are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,
Than theirs that are dull in downy Beds.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,
complexion and features sweetly agree,
Perfections which Ladies often do want,
is always intail'd on our Pedigree:
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,
is always more taking, taking, taking,
Than Ladies that Towers and Pendants do wear.

A Dutchess may fail, created for Sport,
by using of Art, and changing of things,
Tho she were the Idol and Goddess o'th' Court,
the Joys and the Pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings:
Yet *Cloris* in her old Ruffet-Gown,
she's sound, she's sound, she's sound,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

A Beggar's as boon and brisk in the dark,
as she that is painted red and white,
And pleases her Mate, tho not such a Spark
as lies by the side of a Lord or Knight:
And *Cloris* hath Beauty to content,
so long as she's Wholsom, Wholsom, wholsom,
She pleases us, we don't repent.

What tho all the day she's attir'd in Rags,
Yet once a Week she changes her Smock;
And she that has Gold and Silver in Bags,
She can do no more than match a good Cock;
He's willing and ready to show her Art,
And still with her Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
E'll conquer the Senses and the Heart.

All the night long we do hug and embrace,
 the greatest and rich can do no more,
 And when to the Swain she joins her Face,
 He thinketh what Joys there's for him in store,
 By the taste of the Bliss, so happy's he,
 he crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
 Could so blest or so fortunate be.

The touch of her hand encreases his Flame,
 Who conquer'd by Charms, a Captive doth lie.
 And when he but thinks of his true Love's Name,
 he vows for her sake he could freely die ;
 Then she revives him again with a Kiss,
 he cries you undo me, undo me, undo me ;
 Had ever poor Soul such Pleasure as this ?

Then Gallants, ne'er envy the Poor's Delight,
 'tis pleasure to Love, and a plague to be Free ;
 Tho some for our Poverty do us flight,
 there's none alive more happy than we ,
 We well are content with what we enjoy,
 and once in a twelvemonth, twelvemonth, twelvemonth,
 We are blest with a Girl, or a Boy,

Content is a thing we strive to possess,
 And better it is than a golden Mine,
 Since us with the same the Heavens do bless,
 what cause have we for to repine :
 No, we've enough our Hearts to suffice,
 and he that doth murmur, murmur, murmur,
 Will never be happy nor wise.

Joan to the M A Y - P O L E.



Joan, to the May-Pole away let's run,
 The time is swift, and will be gone :
 There go the Lasses away to the Green,
 Where their Beauties may be seen ;
 Nan, Noll, Kate and Moll,
 Brave Lasses have Lads to attend 'em,
 Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick,
 Brave Dancers, who can amend 'em ?

Did you not see the Lord of the May,
 Walk along in his rich Array ?
 There goes the Lass that is only his,
 See how they meet, and how they Kifs !

H

Come

Come *Will*, run *Gill*,
 Or do'st thou list to lose thy Labour?
Kit Crowd, scrape aloud,
 Tickle her *Tom*, with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Mask at Court,
 Where I see Dances of ev'ry sort;
 There they did Dance with Time and Measure,
 But none like Country Dance for Pleasure:
 There they did Dance just as in *France*,
 Not like the *English* lofty manner,
 And every she must furnished be
 With a feather'd knack, when she sweats, for to fan her.

But we, when we Dance, and do happen to sweat,
 Have a Napkin in hand for to wipe off the wet,
 And we with our Doxies do jig it about,
 Not like the Court, which often are out:
 If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,
 And turn, and meet our Lasses to Kiss 'em;
 Nay, they will be as ready as we,
 That hardly at any time can miss 'em:

Yonder comes *Dolly* over the Down,
 And *Roger* he gives her a fair Green-Gown,
 See how he Hands her up again,
 And how they trip along amain:
 They pass o'er the Grass,
 And at every Stile they are Billing,
 He gives, she receives,
 Being Youthful, Ready, and Willing.

There is not any that shall out-vy
 My little pretty *Joan* and I;
 For I'm sure I can Dance as well,
 As *Robbin*, *Fenny*, *Tom* and *Nell*:

Last Year we were here,
When ruff *Ralph* he play'd us a Boree,
And we merrily
Thump'd it about, and gain'd the Glory.

Come, sweet *Foan*, let us call a new Dance,
That we before 'em may advance,
Let it be what you desire and crave,
And sure the same sweet *Foan* shall have:
She cry'd, and reply'd,
If to please me thou wilt endeavour,
Sweet Pig, the Wedding-Jig,
Then my Dear, I'll love thee for ever.

Sure I will grant thee thy Request,
And learn thee that among the rest;
For e'er it be long, we'll Married be,
And then my pretty *Foan* shall see
Fine Toys, sweet Joys,
And soft Kisses too, out of Measure,
Sweet Charms in my Arms,
This will be a Fountain of Pleasure.

And if we hold on as we begin,
Foan, thee and I the Garland shall win;
Nay, if thou live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the *May*.
Dance about, in and out,
Turn and Kiss, and then for Greeting;
Now *Foan* we have done,
Fare thee well till the next merry Meeting.

The Wiltshire WEDDING.

ALL in a misty Morning,
 cloudy was the Weather,
 I meeting with an old Man,
 was cloathed all in Leather,
 With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
 but Wool unto his Skin ;
With how do you do ? and how do you do ?
and how do you do agen ?

The Rustick was a Thresher,
 and on his way he hy'd,
 And with a Leather Bottle
 fast buckl'd by his side :

And

And with a Cap of Woollen,
which cover'd Cheek and Chin,
With bow, &c.

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said :
Then I began to Compliment,
and she began to Sing ;
With bow, &c.

This Maid her name was *Dolly*,
cloath'd in a Gown of Gray,
I being somewhat Jolly,
perswaded her to stay :
Then strait I fell to Courting her,
in hopes her Love to win,
With bow do you do ? and how do you do ?
and bow do you agen.

Then having time and leisure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower :
With many kind Embraces,
I stroak'd her double Chin :
With bow, &c.

I told her I would Marry,
and she should be my Bride,
And long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside :
I'll Plow and Sow, and Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin ;
With bow, &c.

H 3.

Did

Did you not know my Father,
the Damsel then reply'd,
His Jerkin was of Leather,
a Bottle by his side:
Yes, I did meet him trudging,
as fast as he could win,
With bow, &c.

Kind Sir, I have a Mother,
besides a Father, still,
Those Friends above all other,
you must ask their good will:
For if I be Undutiful
to them, it is a Sin;
With bow, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-Pail,
and to her Mother went,
And when I was come thither,
I asked her Consent,
And doft my Hat, and made a Leg,
for why, she was within;
With bow, &c.

My Husband is a Thresher,
who is her Father dear,
He'll give with her his Blessing:
kind Sir, you need not fear:
He is of such good Nature,
That he would never lin,
With bow, &c.

For by your Courteous Carriage,
you seem an honest Man,
You may have her in Marriage,
my Husband he anon
Will bid you very welcome,
tho he be poor and thin,
With bow, &c.

Her

Her Dad came home full weary,
 alas! he could not chuse;
 Her Mother being Merry,
 She told him all the News:
 Then he was mighty Jovial too,
 his Son did soon begin,
With bow, &c.

Her Parents being willing,
 all Parties was agree'd;
 Her Portion thirty Shilling,
 they Marry'd were with speed:
 Then *Will* the Piper he did play,
 while others Dance and Sing;
With bow, &c.

In pleasant Recreation,
 they pass'd away the Night,
 And likewise by relation,
 with her he takes delight
 To walk abroad on Holy-days,
 to visit Kiff and Kin:
With bow, &c.

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*,
 with many Damsels gay,
 Did ride on *Roan* and *Dobbin*,
 to Celebrate the day:
 When being met together,
 their Caps they off did fling,
With how do you do, and how do you do,
and how do you do agen?

Poor ANTHONY.



V As ever a Man so vex'd with a Trull.
 As I poor *Anthony*, since I was Wed,
 For I never gat my Belly full,
 But e'er I have supp'd, I must hasten to Bed;
 Else she'd begin to Scold and to Brawl,
 And to call me Puppy, and Cuckold, and all;
 Yet she with her Cronies must troul it about,
 Whilst I in my Kennel must snore it out.

I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away,
We both but Two-pence a piece did spend,
Yet it proved to me Execution-day.
For she flew in my Face, and call'd me Fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legged Stool;
Nay, she furnish'd my Face with so many Scratches,
That for a whole Month 'twas cover'd with Patches.

What ever Money I get in a day,
To keep her in quiet, I give her at Night;
Or else she'll license her Tongue to play,
For two or three Hours, just like a Sprite.
Then to the Cubboard Peelgarlick must hie,
To see for some Crufts that long have lain dry,
So steep 'em in Skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

And once a Month, for fashion's sake,
She gives me leave to come to her Bed;
But most of that time I must lie awake,
Lest she in her Fits should knock me o'th' head.
But as for the Bed I lie on my self,
You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken Shelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen Hurds,
And yet for all this, I must give her good words.

We commonly both do pifs in a Pan;
But the Cullendar once was set in the place;
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc'd it out on my Stomach and Face.
I told her then she went beside,
But she call'd me Rogue, and told me I ly'd,
And swore it was not up to her Thumb,
And then threw the Pan i'th' middle o'th' Room.

Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before,
Did come to the House to borrow a Pail;
I Kiss'd her but once, and I thought on't no more,
But she flew in her Face Tooth and Nail.
But the Wench stood to her and claw'd her about,
That for a whole Fort-night she never stir'd out;
For her Face was so swell'd, and her Eyes were so sore,
That I never saw Jade so mangl'd before,

She then did bid me drop in her Eyes,
A-soveraign Water sent her that day;
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury, steeped in Whey.
I dropt in, and nointed her Face,
Which brought her into a most devilish case;
For She tore and she ranted, and well she might,
For after that time, she never had Sight.

I then did get her a Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from Place to place;
And now 'tis *Husband I hope y' are well*;
Before 'twas Cuckold and Rogue to my Face.
Then blest be that Henbane and Mercury strong,
That made such a change in my Wife's Tongue;
You see 'tis a Medicine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'll say no more.

The Ballad of the CAPS.



T He Wit hath long beholding been
 Unto the Cap to keep it in,
 But now the wits fly out amain
 In praise to quit the Cap again;
 The Cap that keeps the highest part
 Obtains the place by due desert:
*For any Cap, what ere it be,
 Is still the sign of some degree.*

The Monmouth Cap, the Saylor's thumb,
 And that wherein the tradesmen come,
 The Physick Cap, the Cap Divine,
 And that which Crowns the Muses nine,
 The Cap that fools do Countenance,
 The goodly Cap of Maintenance,
For any Cap. &c.

The

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
 The Fudling Cap how ever bought,
 The Woolsted, Furr'd, the Velvet, Sattin,
 For which so many pates learn Latin;
 The Cruel Cap; the Fustian Pate,
 The Perewig a Cap of Late:
For any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
 On Castles-tops their Ensigns rear;
 The Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
 On higher parts than all the land;
 The Tradesmans Cap aloft is born,
 By vantage of a stately horn,
For any Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring
 Without controul the greatest King,
 The Lawyers Cap hath Heavenly might
 To make a crooked action straight;
 And if you'l line him in the fist,
 The Cause he'll warrant as he list.
For any Cap, &c.

Both East and West, and North and South,
 Where ere the Gospel hath a mouth,
 The Cap Divine doth thither look;
 'Tis Square like Scholars and their books:
 The rest are Round; but this is Square,
 To shew their Wits more stable are:
For any Cap, &c.

The Jester he a Cap doth wear,
 Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
 And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
 To ast the Fool, where great Men sit;
 But O, the Cap of *London Town*,
 I wis, 'tis like a goodly Crown.
For any Cap &c.

The

The Sickly Cap though wrought with silk,
Is like repentance, white as milk;
When Caps drop off at health apace,
The Cap doth then your head uncase.
The sick mans Cap (if wrought) can tell
Though he be sick, his Cap is well.
For any Cap, &c.

The Fudling Cap by *Bacchus's* might,
Turn's night to day, and day to night;
We know it makes proud heads to bend,
The Lowly feet for to Ascend;
It makes men richer than before,
By seeing doubly all their score,
For any Cap, &c.

The Furr'd and Quilted Cap of age
Can make a mouldy proverb sage,
The Satin and the Velvet hive
Into a Bishoprick may thrive;
The Triple Cap may raise some hope;
If fortune serve, to be a Pope,
For any Cap, &c.

The Periwig. O, this declares
The rise of flesh, though fall of hairs,
And none but Gransiers can proceed
So far in sin, till they this need,
Before the King who covered are,
And onely to themselves stand bare.
*For any Cap, what ere it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.*

The Ballad of the BEARD.

The Beard thick or thin on the Lip or Chin,
 Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
 That her silence in the Beards defence,
 May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing that Commands in a King,
 Be his Scepters ne'er so fair:
 Where the Beard bears the sway the people obey,
 And are subject to a hair.

'Tis a Princely sight, and a grave delight,
 That adorns both young and old;
 A well thatcht face is a comely grace,
 And a shelter from the Cold.

When the piercing North comes blustering forth
 Let a barren face beware;
 For a trick it will find, with a Razor of wind,
 To shave the face that's bare.

But there's many a nice and strange device
 That doth the Beard disgrace,

But

But he that is in such a foolish sin
Is a traitor to his face.

Now of the Beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a Beard ;
Though it be ne'er so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Nose!

The Stiletto Beard, oh ! it makes me-afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a Dagger in's Face,
What wear's he in his Sheath ?

But me thinks I do Itch to go through stich
The Needle Beard to amend,
Which without any wrong, I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.

The Souldiers' Beard, doth march in shear'd ;
In figure like a Spade,
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke on the Judges cheek
Shall not my verse despise ;
It is more fit for a Nutmeg, but yet,
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

What doth invest a Bishops breast
But a Milk-white spreading hair ?
Which an Emblem may be of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a womans Chin

A hair or two to grow,

But alas the Face, it is too cold a place!

Then look for a Beard below.

But oh! let us tarry for the Beard of King Harry,

That grows about the Chin,

With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,

And a Champion ground between.

Last the Clown doth out rush, with his Beard like a bush,

Which may be well endur'd ;

For though his face be in such a case,

His Land is well manur'd.

The Tunbridge Doctors.

To the Tune of Packingtons-Pound.

YOU *Maidens* and *Wives*,
And young *Widows* rejoyce;

Declare your thanksgiving,

With Heart and with Voice ;

Since Waters were Waters

I dare boldly say

There ne'er was such cause

Of a Thanksgiving day.

For from *London-Town*

There's lately come down,

Four Able *Physicians*

That never wore Gown :

Their Physick is Pleasant,

Their Dose it is large,

And you may be Cur'd

Without Danger or Charge.

No *Bolus* nor *Vomit*,
No *Potion* nor *Pill*,
Which sometimes do *Cure*,
But oftner do *Kill*,
Your *Tast* nor your *Stomach*
Need ever displease,
If you'll be advised
But by one of these.

For they've a new *Drug*
Which is call'd *The close Hug*,
Which will mend your *Compexion*,
And make you look *snug*;
A *Soveraign Balsam*
Which once well apply'd,
Though griev'd at the *Heart*
The *Patient* ne'er *Dy'd*.

In the *Morning* you need not
Be robb'd of your *rest*,
For in your warm *Beds*
Your *physick* works best;
And though in the taking
Some stirring's requir'd,
The motion's so pleasant
You cannot be tir'd.

For on your *Backs* you must lie,
With your *Body* rais'd hie,
And one of these *Doctors*
Must always be by,
Who still will be ready
To cover you warm,
For if you take cold
All *Physick* doth harm.

Before they do venture
To give their direction,
They always consider
Their Patients complexion,
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Than one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose;
You Ladies that have
Such ill symptoms as these;
In reason and conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise;
Who to all sorts of people
Their favour conveys;
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom,
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold;
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

The Farmers Daughter.

C Old and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the Morning early,
 All the Trees were hid in Snow,
 Dag'd by Winter yearly;
 When come riding over a Cnough,
 I met with a Farmer's Daughter,
 Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
 Good faith made my Mouth to water.

Down I veil'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful bow,
 Her Visage far exceeding:

I ask'd her where she went so soon,
And long'd to begin a Parly,
She told me to the next Market Town
A purpose to sell her Barley.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
Twenty pounds lie fairly,
Seek no farther one to buy,
For I'll take all thy Barley:
If Twenty more shall buy Delight
Thy Person I love so dearly
If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
And go in the Morning early.

If twenty pound could buy the Globe,
Quoth she this I'd not do, Sir,
Or were my Kin as poor as *Job*,
I wou'd not raise 'em so, Sir,
For should I be to Night your friend,
We'll get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone ere the nine Months end,
And where should I find a Father?

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer,
Or else I'd choose her for my Queen,
And tie the Knot much stronger,
She bid me then no farther rome,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Money for Spouse at home,
For another should have her Barley.

The Country Lass, to the same Tune.

What tho' I am a Country Lass,
 A lofty mind I bear a;
 I think my self as good as those,
 That Gay Apparel wear a;
 What tho' my Coat be Home-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as soft a,
 As those that in their Cypress Veles,
 Do carry their Heads aloft a.

What tho' I keep my Fathers Sheep,
 'Tis a thing that must be done a,
 A Garland of the Choicest Flow'rs,
 Shall shade me from the Sun a,
 And where I see the Feeding bee,
 When Grass and Flowers spring a,
 Hard by a Chrystal fountain stream,
 I sit me down and Sing a.

My Leather Bottle stuff'd with Sage,
 My drink it is but thin a,
 No Wine hath taught my brains to rage,
 Nor tempt my Blood to sin a,
 My Country Curds, my Wooden Spoon,
 My thinks are very Fine a,
 And on some Flow'ry Bank at Noon,
 I sit me down and Dine a.

What tho' my Portion will allow,
 No Bags of shining Gold a,
 As Farmers Daughters now adays,
 Like Swine are bought and Sold a;
 I'll keep my Naked Body sound,
 And an Honest Soul within a,
 And for a Hundred Thousand Pounds,
 I value it not a Pin a.

I have no Jewels in my Ears,
 Nor Gems to deck my Neck a;
 Nor Glittering Rings with Stones I wear,
 My Fingers for to Deck a:
 But for that Man when e'er it chance,
 That I shall Grace to Wed a;
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
 I mean my Maiden-Head a.

A Lad of the Town.



A Lad o'th Town thus made his moan
 One Winter Morning early,
 Alas, that I must lie alone,
 And *Moggey's* Bed so near me:
 All Night I tofs, I turn and figh,
 Nor ever can I close my Eye,
 For thinking that I lig so nigh,
 The Lads I Love so dearly.

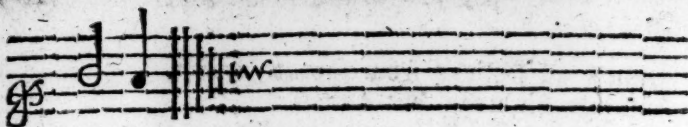
She's

She's all Delight from foot to crown,
And just Eighteen her Age is,
And that she still must lie alone,
My Heart and Soul i'rages;
I'd give the World I might put on
Each Morn her Stocking or Shoon,
If I were but her Serving Loon
I'd never ask for Wages.

If *Moggey* would but be my Bride
I'd take no Parents warning;
Nor value all the World beside,
Nor any Lasses scorning:
My Love is grown to such a height,
I prize so much my own delight,
I care not, had I her one Night
If I were hang'd i' th' Morning.

A Ballad on New BEDLAM.





THis is a Structure fair,
Royally raised,
The pious Founders are
Much to be praised,
That in such times of need,
When Madness doth exceed,
To build this House of Bread,
Noble *New-Bedlam*.

'Tis beautiful and large
In constitution,
Deserves a Liberal Charge
Of contribution.
If I may reach so high,
To sing a Prophecy,
Their Names shall never die
That built *New Bedlam*.

Methinks the Lawyers may
Consult together,
And Contribute, for they
Send most Men thither
They put 'um to much pain,
With Words that cramp the Brain,
Till *Bedlam's* fill'd with Plain-
tiff and Defendant.

Quacking Physicians shou'd
Give Money freely,
They maculate Mens blood,
And make them silly ,
With *Hydragryum* Pills,
Their Reasons and their Wills
They ruine, and this fills
Most part of *Bedlam*.

So

So good a Work as this
 Cannot want Actors,
 But I'll no more insist
 On Benefactors,
 But hint such as I see
 Hypochondriack be,
 And are in some degree
 Fit for *New Bedlam*.

That Amorous Soul that is
 In Love a Quaker,
 And doth adore a Miss
 More than his Maker,
 Decks her in Silk and Furr,
 Then turns Idolater,
 Kneels down and Worships her,
 He's fit for *Bedlam*.

The young Man that has got
 A golden Talent;
 And hath a brain-sick Plot
 To seem a Gallant;
 That richly is array'd,
 Spends Land, and Shop, and Trade,
 To be a *Hero* made;
 Is fit for *Bedlam*.

The City-Lad that sings,
 Rhimes, Drolls and Dances,
 And all his business flings
 A way for Fancies;
 He that lets his Angels fly,
 'Till he's not worth one Penny,
 To study Poetry,
 Is fit for *Bedlam*.

Whilst some with Brandy burn
 Their Guts with drinking,
 Philosophers do turn
 Their Heads with thinking;
 He who is such a one,
 As studies for the Stone,
 Till's Brains and his Money's gone,
 Prepares for *Bedlam*.

That Churl who Gold hath won,
 And dares not use it;
 But hath a squandering Son
 Doth game and lose it:
 His Brain doth greatly err,
 He that with Water clear
 Would fill a Colander
 Must do't in *Bedlam*.

He that with an Estate
 Weds a Poor Beauty,
 Who to Disdain and Hate,
 Turns Love and Duty;
 It doth his Reason daunt
 He has a Bargain on't,
 Worse than the Elephant,
 And's fit for *Bedlam*.

I could tell many more,
 (I have enroll'd em)
 Should I declare my store,
 As I have told 'em;
 With Morter, Brick and Stone,
 Could they their Building run
 From thence to *Islington*,
 'T would never hold 'em.

An Ancient SONG of Bartholomew-Fair.



IN Fifty five, may I never Thrive,
If I tell you any more than is true,
To London che came, hearing of the Fame
Of a Fair they call *Bartholomew*.

In Houses of Boards men walk upon Cords,
As easie as Squirrils crack Filberds,
But the Cut-Purfes they do bite and rub away,
But those we suppose to be ill-Birds.

For a Penny you may zee a fine Puppet-play,
And for Two-pence a rare piece of Art,
And a Penny a Can, I dare swear a Man
May put zix of 'em into a Quart.

There Zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The Heart of a very fine Man-a;
Here's *Patient Grizil* here, and *Fair Rosamond* there,
and the History of *Susanna*.

At *Pye-corner* end, mark well my good Friend,
 'Tis a very fine dirty place, (knows
 Where there's more Arrows and Bows, the Lord above
 Than was handl'd at *Chivy-Chace*.

At every door lies a Hog or a Whore,
 And in *Hosier-Lane* if I 'an't mistaken,
 Zuch plenty there are of Whores, you'll have a pair
 To a zingle Gamon of Bacon.

Then at *Smithfield-Bars*, betwixt the Ground and the (Stars,
 There's a place they call *Shoemaker-Row*,
 Where that you may buy Shooes every day,
 Or go bare-foot all the Year I tro.

TWO to ONE.



There

For Women they are Winning things,
 As mutable as may be;
 No Bird that ever flew with Wings,
 So subtle is as they be.
Hey ho, &c.

No matter who shall pledge her first,
 Affections are but blindness,
 And let the World say what they list,
 We'll take her double Kindness.
Hey ho, &c.

For she hath granted both our Sutes,
 When we came first unto her,
 And he shall Ride in both our Boots,
 That comes the next to Woe her.
Hey ho, &c.

The ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. Butler, the Author of *Hudibras*.



What



WHat Creature's that with his short Hairs,
 His little Band, and huge long Ears,
 That this New Faith hath founded?
 The Saints themselves were never such,
 The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling Reprobate,
 Cause by the Pope Propounded,
 And thinks a zealous Cöbler better,
 Than learned *Usher* in every Letter.
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth High-Treason say
 As often as his Yea and Nay.
 And with the King Confounded,
 And dares maintain that Mr. *Pim*
 Is fitter for the Crown than him.
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
 A little piece of Common-Prayer,
 Doth think his Conscience wounded,
 Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
 And meet a Sister by the way.
Oh, such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that met a Holy Sister,
And in a Hay-cock gently Kiſſ'd her ;
O then his Zeal abounded :
'Twas underneath a ſhady Willow,
Her Bible ſerv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-head.

The Oxford EXPEDITION.

Tune of, *Which No body can deny.*

A Late Expedition to Oxford was made
By a Protestant P. and his Brother's o'th' Blade,
Who from Gloucester in Triumph his Lordship convey'd,
Which No body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
Equipp'd in their sturdy gray Coats and high Shooes,
You'd have sworn not the Goals, but all Hell was broke
Which, &c. (loose,

In Rank and in File there rode many a Man ;
Some in the Rear March'd, and some in the Van,
Tho some had no Hats, yet they had Head-pieces on,
Which, &c.

Some had two luffy Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted, they stood stoutly to't,
For the name of a Horse, they'd as good gone a Foot.
Which, &c.

Tho *Steel* was not plenty, yet Armed they come,
With stout Oaken-Plants, and with Crab-tree sticks some,
To Cudgel the Pope and the Bald-pates of *Rome*,
Which, &c. For

For in this gay Troop among twenty, scarce one
Had Holsters or Pistols, Sword, Carbine or Gun;
A sign they did mean no great Harm should be done.
Which, &c.

Here many a Gallant I'll warrant you that,
Had Ribbond of Orange and Seaman's Crevat,
The defects of their Arms, were made up in State.
Which, &c.

One's Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the sense of his Beast,
And he of the two, deserv'd the Rope best.
Which, &c.

Here M----t and G---on their pamper'd Steeds prance,
Jack B---- Grace, next Jack Willis advance,
Who look'd fierce as Switzer, who Drub'd him in France.
Which, &c.

In this Cavalcade for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord L----- rode first, and the rest follow'd after,
They gallop'd up Town, and then down to Water.
Which, &c.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous fashion,
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine pen'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking such care of the Nation.
Which, &c.

His Honour next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech, to shew 'em his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in Print, 'twill be well worth your read-
Which, &c. (ing.)

Having taken it thus, to secure the Town,
The Guards are all set, and the Bridges pull'd down,
And tho little Courage, his Conduct was shown.
Which, &c. 15 Next

Next night an Alarm our Warriors surprize,
Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rise;
To fight the King's Army, who came in Disguise.

Which, &c.

Next Morning at Eight, his Lordship did call,
And ask'd if they'd got any Powder or Ball,
But they Manfully answer'd, they had none at all.

Which, &c.

Among the Crowd, two fat Draymen appear
To guard Mr. Ensign, a huge nasty Tarr,
Who flourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War.

Which, &c.

At foot of the Colours blith Crendon did go,
Who play'd a new Tune, which you very well know,
For his Bag-pipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero.*

Which, &c.

Ah! 'had the dear Joys but come in the nick;
I fancy they'd show'd 'em a slippery Trick,
For they'd March'd more nimbly without his Musick.

Which, &c.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er scarce
So pleasantly Burlesq'd the angry God *Mars*,
Or of Affairs Warlike, e'er made such a Farce.

Which no body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

A Scotch Song in the Trick for Trick.



A Broad as I was walking upon a *Summer* day,
There I met a Beggar-woman cloathed all in Gray,
Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen her
(Skin,
She was the first that taught me to see the Golin :
Ah, see the Golin my Jo ! see the Golin.

You Youngsters of Delight, pray take it not in scorn,
She came of *Adam's* Seed, tho she was basely born ;
And tho her Cloaths were torn, yet she had a Milk-white
She was the first, &c. (Skin :

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist Hand,
Wich which she might compare to any Lady in the Land ; ;
Ruby Lips, Cherry-Cheeks, and a dimpled Chin :
She was the first, &c.

Whan that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa my will,
Ay could not then devise the way to keep her Baby still :
She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pin :
She was the first, &c.

Then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel in Cloaths
 And then she takes a Golin and stuck between her Toes,
 And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
 She shook her Foot, and cry'd my Jo, see the Golin;
 And see the Golin, my Jo, see the Golin.

TOTTINGHAM Frolick.

To the fore-going Tune.

AS I came from *Tottingham*
 Upon a Market-day,
 There I met with a Bonny Lass
 Cloathed all in Gray,
 Her Journey was to *London*,
 With Butter-milk and Whey.
To come Down a down,
To come Down, down a down a.

Sweet-heart, quoth he,
 You're well overtook,
 With that she cast her Head aside,
 And lent to him a Look;
 Then presently these two
 Both Hands together shook.
To come, &c.

And as they rode together,
 Along side by side,
 The Maiden it so chanced,
 Her Garter was unty'd;
 For fear that she should lose it,
 Look here, Sweet-heart, he cry'd,
Your Garter is Down a down, &c.

Good

Good Sir, quoth she,
 I pray you take the Pain
 To do so much for me,
 As to take it up again.
 With a good will, quoth he,
 When I come to yonder Plain.
I will take you down, &c.

And when they came unto the Place,
 Upon the Grass so green,
 The Maid she held her Legs so wide,
 The Young-man slip'd between,
 Such tying of a Garter,
 You have but seldom seen.
To come down, &c.

Then she rose up again,
 And thank'd him for his pain:
 He took her by the Middle small,
 And Kiss'd her once again:
 Her Journey was to London,
 And he from Highgate came.
To come Down, &c.

Thus Tibb of Tottingham,
 She lost her Maiden-head,
 But yet it is no matter,
 It stood her in small stead,
 For it did often trouble her,
 As she lay in her Bed.
To come, &c.

But when all her Butter-milk
 And her Whey was sold,
 The loss of her Maiden-head,
 It waxed very cold:
 But that which will away,
 is very hard to hold.
To come, &c.

You

You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,
 That now do hear my Song.
 If any Youngman proffer Kindness,
 Pray take it short, or long;
 For there is no such Comfort
 as lying with a Man.
To come, &c.

A Ballad of a Good Wife and a Bad.



Some Wives are Good, and some are Bad,
 (Reply) *Metinks you touch them now,*
 And some will make their Husbands mad,
 (Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
 And my Wife, and thy Wife,
 And my Wife so will do.

Some Women love to breed Discord,
 Metinks, &c.
 And some will have the latter Word,
 (Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
 And my Wife, &c.

Some

Some Women will Spin, and some will Sow,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will to the Tavern go,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my Wife, &c.

Some Women will say, they're sick at Heart,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will let a rousing Fart,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Ban, and some will Curse,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Brawl, and some will Scold,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will make their Husband Cuckold,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women will drink, and some will not,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will take the other Pot,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Some Women are sick, and some are sound,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will take it on the Ground,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
Metbinks, &c.

Hoping all Women will amend,
(Cho.) *And so will my Wife too:*
And my, &c.

A Song in the Praise of Chalk.

By Mr. Pinis.



While the Citizens prate
 Over Ale of the State,
 And talk of Bank-Bills and Exchequer,
 Let us, who drink Wine,
 Now summon the *Nine*,
 In the praise of what pays for our Liquor.

Let other Folks sing
Of a Lord, or a King,
Or some Quality Fopling Petition,
Till Footman comes down
With Thanks. or a Crown,
And smiles at the Mortal's Condition.

We the Lads at the *Rafe*,
A Patron have chose,
Who's as void as the best is of Thinking,
And without Dedication,
Will assist in his Station,
And maintain us in Eating and Drinking.

Boys, out with your Chalk,
And let the Glafs walk,
'Tis a crying Sin not to be Grateful;
While there's Pit of this Coin,
We will swim all in Wine,
And reel home to our Beds, with our Pate full.

Tho Relation or Friend
Will not give us, or Lend
Wherewithal for to down with the Ready,
Yet our good Landlord *Bliss*
Makes acceptance of this,
And this Boys, must Cloath ye, and Feed ye.

With the *White* then in hand,
The *Red* let's command,
And keep drinking and scoring brisk Claret,
Till the Bar run on Wheels,
And *Will* takes to his Heels,
And sculks home from the Watch, to his Garret.

Celia's Rundlet of Brandy.

The Words by T. Brown.



TO Charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transport ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Loft

Loft in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And blefs'd beyond Exprefling,
How can your Slave, my Fair, fald I,
Reward fo great a Bleffing?

The whole Creation's Wealth furvey,
O'er both the *Indies* wander,
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And Fighting Monarchs fquander.

The richeft Spoils of Earth and Air,
The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
To purchafe fo much Pleafure.

She blufhing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
Since *Celia* thus you Fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantry*.

Coufin T A F F T.





THere was a Man, a Shentleman,
 And her was porn, where her was twell,
 In truth, her was a gallant Man,
 As all her Country Folk can tell;
 Was a great deal of House, was a great deal of Land,
 Taffy, Taffy, Taffy:
 Was Hawk, was Hound at hur Command,
 Cousin Taffy, Taffy.

Hur Mother was porn of Noble Plood,
 And hur was come of a great pig House,
 And every day was wear French Hood,
 Was kill hur Capon, Pig, and Coose,
 And every day was make great Pye, Taffy, Taffy:
 In truth it is true, I tell you no Lie, Cousin Taffy.

And to the Poor hur did bequeath
 A great deal of Victuals every day;
 But there was one was call hur Death,
 Was fetch this Shentleman away:
 Of House, of Land hur was berefen, Taffy, Taffy:
 Now hur was forc'e to twell in Heaven, Cousin Taffy.

Behind hur hur was leaf a Sun,
 And hur was pear a gallant Mind,
 Was kill twey Spaniards with a Gun;
 Hur was not of a Coward kind.
 At Killberry Camp, a great deal afore, Taffy, Taffy,
 O hur was there, and a Thousand more, Cousin Taffy.

Boweyne hur was at Tellenton,
 At Greenwich Park before hur Grace,
 Was shew hur self a gallant Man,
 And not a Coward in the place :
 Was a great deal of Horse, was a great deal of Foak,
Taffy, Taffy,
 Was a great deal of Gun, was a great deal of Smoak,
 Cousin *Taffy*.

But hur was meet with a great Mischance,
 As hur was pass a gay Lady by,
 Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
 Was steal behind hur Cowardly,
 With a rouffy, fouffy, douffy Dart, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 Was miss hur Skin, was prick hur Heart, Cousin *Taffy*.

But was not this a great Mischance,
 As by hur Fortune does appear ?
 Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
 Was almost Dead, was fery near :
 Was bid Tom Sexton Toll the Bell, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 Shudge you if *Cupid* us'd hur well, Cousin *Taffy*.

Well a go to, was hold hur a Groat,
 Was petter a gone and kill hur Geese,
 Hur would not be in *Cupid's* Coat
 Not for a great deal of Toasted-Cheese,
 For if ever *Cupid* come in *VVales*, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 Hur shall ne'er go to make more Prauls, Cousin *Taffy*.

The FRTER and the NUN.

FLy merry News among the Crews
 That love to hear of Jest;
 The oldest Sport that e'er was us'd,
 Yet chiefly in request.
 If any one do carp at thee,
 Or do thee Bawdy call,
 Say thou do'st write as they delight,
 Of *Up-tails* all.

There hath a Question been of late,
 Among the Youthful sort,
 What Pastime is the pleasantest,
 And what the sweetest Sport?

And

And it hath been adjudged
As well by great as small,
That of all Pastimes none is like
To Up-tails all.

Batchelors will to this Game,
And Marry'd Men likewise,
Yea, Wives, yea Maids and Widows,
Will use it all their Lives,
And old Men they will have a snatch,
Altho they're Game's but small,
Yet these old Colts will have a Bout
At Up-tails all.

If it were Unlawful,
then Lawyers were to blame,
And if it were Ungodly,
To Priests it were a shame;
For they no doubt do use it,
Tho it a Vice they call,
Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play
At Up-tails all.

It cannot be Unwholsom,
Physicians do it use;
And if that it were Noyfom,
They would it then refuse:
And if it hurt the Body
Then sure their Skill is small,
For why the best of these will play
At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pass-time,
And do the Pleasure crave,
And if it were a base thing,
Then it they would not have:

But

But yet the Fairest Woman
Will soonest for it call;
There is no She but that will play
At Up-tails all.

If it were a Costly thing,
Then Beggars could not buy it;
And if it were a loathsome thing,
Then Genteels would defy it:
But it is a sweet thing, and pleasing unto all;
There is not one but that will play
At Up-tails all.

Mad Maudlin to find out Tom of Bedlam.



TO find my Tom of Bedlam, Ten thousand Years I'll
Travel;
Mad Maudlin goes with dirty Toes to save her Shooes
From Gravel.

*Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Mad Boys, Bedlam
Boys are Bonny;*

*They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no
Drink, nor Money.*

I now repent that ever poor Tom was so Disdain'd,
My Wits are lost since him I lost, which makes me go
(thus Chained.

Yet will I, &c.

My Staff hath Murder'd Gyants, my Bag a long Knife
(carries,
To Cut Mince-pyes from Childrens Thighs, with which
(I feast the *Faries*,

Yet, &c.

My Horn is made of Thunder, I stole it out of Heav'n,
The Rain-bow there is this I wear, for which I thence
(was driv'n,

Yet, &c.

I went to *Pluto's* Kitchen, to beg some Food one Morn-
(ing,
And there I got Souls piping hot, with which the Spits
(were turning.

Yet, &c.

Then took I up a Cauldron, where boy'd Ten thousand
(Harlots,
'Twas full of Flame, yet I drank the same to the health
(of all such Varlets.

Yet, &c.

A spirit as hot as Lightning, did in that Journey guide
 (me,
 The Sun did shake, and the pale Moon quake, as soon
 (as e'er they spi'd me.
Yet, &c.

And now that I have gotten a Lease, than Dooms-day
 (longer,
 To live on Earth with some in Mirth, ten Whales shall
 (feed my Hunger.
Yet, &c.

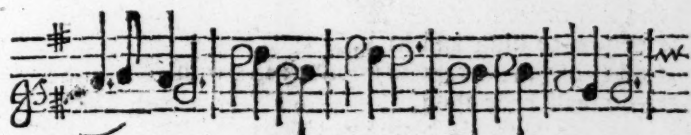
No Gipsie, Slut, or Doxy, shall win my Mad Tom from
 (me,
 We'll weep all Night, and with Stars fight, the Fray
 (will well become me.
Yet, &c.

And when that I have beaten the Man i'th' Moon to
 (Powder,
 His Dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no *Damon*
 (louder.
Yet, &c.

A Health to *Tom of Bedlam*, go fill the Seas in Barrels,
 I'll drink it all well Brew'd with Gall, and Maudlin-
 (Drunk, I'll Quarrel.
Yet, &c.

John

JOHN and JOAN.



IF't please you for to hear
 And listen a while what I shall tell;
 I think I must draw near,
 Or else you will not hear me well.
 There was a Maid the other day,
 Whch in her Master's Chamber lay,
 As Maidens they must not refuse:
 In Yeomens Houses thus they use

In a Truckle-bed to lie,
 Or another standing by:
 Her Master and her Dame,
 Said she shou'd do the same.

This Maid cou'd neither rest nor sleep,
 When that she heard the Bed to crack.
 Her Master Captive busie was:
 Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back;
 Oh Husband you do me wrong,
 You've lain so hard my Breast upon:
 You are such another Man,
 You'd have me do more than I can.
 Tush Master, then says *Joan*,
 Pray let my Dame alone,
 What a devilish squalling you keep,
 That I can neither rest nor sleep.

This was enough to make a Maiden sick
 and full of Pain,
 She begins to fling and kick,
 And swore she'd rent her Smock in twain.
 But you shall hear anon,
 There was a Man his Name was *John*,
 To whom this Maid she went alone,
 And in this manner made her moan,
 I prithee *John* tell me no Lye,
 What ails my Dame to squeak and cry?
 I prithee *John* tell me the same,
 What is't my Master gives my Dame?

It is a Steel quoth *John*,
 My Master gives my Dame at Night,
 Altho some fault she find,
 I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight,
 And you *Joan* for your part,
 You love one withal your Heart.

Yes,

Yes, marry then quoth *Joan*,
Therefore to you I make my moan ;
If that I may be so Bold,
Where are these things to be sold ?
At *London* then says *John*,
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

What will a good one cost,
If I shou'd chance to stand in need ?
Twenty Shillings, says *John*,
And for Twenty shillings you may speed.
Then *Joan* she ran unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him Twenty shillings just :
John, said she here is your Coin,
And I pray now have me in your mind,
And out of my Love therefore,
There is for you Two shillings more,
And I pray thee honest *John Long*,
Buy me one that's stiff and strong.

To Market then he went,
When he had the Money in his Purse,
He domineer'd and vapour'd,
He was as stout as any Horse.
Some he spent in Ale and Beer,
And some he spent upon good Cheer.
The rest he brought home again,
To serve his turn another time.
Welcome home honest *John*.
God a mercy gentle *Joan*.
Prithee *John* let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a Steel ?

Yes, marry then quoth *John*,
And then he took her by the Hand,
He led her into a Room,
Where they cou'd see neither Sun nor Moon.

Together *John* the Door did clap;
He laid the Steel into her Lap:
With that *Foan* began to feel,
Cuts foot, quoth she, 'tis a dainty Steel.
I prithee tell me, and do not lie,
What are the two things hang there by?
They be the two odd Shillings quoth *John*,
That you put last into my Hand.
If I had known so much before,
I wou'd have giv'n thee two shillings more.

A S O N G.



A Lusty young Smith at his Vice stood a Filing,
 Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out ho,
 When to him a buxom young Damsel came smiling,
 And ask'd him to work at her Forge he wou'd go,
 With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and
 (out ho.
 A Match quoth the Smith, so away they went thither,
 Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out, ho!
 They stripp'd to go to't, 'twas hot Work, and hot Wea-
 (ther;
 She kind'd a Fire, and soon made him blow,
 With a Rub, &c.

Her Husband she said, could scarce raise up his Hammer:
 His Strength and his Tools were worn out long ago.
 If she got her Journeymen, could any blame her?
 Look here, quoth our Workman, my Tools are not so.
 With a Rub, &c.

Red-hot grew his Iron as both did desire,
 And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so:
 Quoth she, what I get, I get out of the Fire,
 Then prithee strike home and redouble the Blow.
 With a Rub, &c.

Six times did his Iron by vigorous heating,
 Grow soft in the Forge in a Minute or so;
 As often 'twas harden'd, still beating and beating,
 But the more it was soften'd it harden'd more slow.
 With a Rub, &c.

The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full of sorrow,
 Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so!
 Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow;
 But pray can't you use it once more e'er you go.
 With a Rub, &c.

A S O N G.



Why are my Eyes still flow-----ing.
 Why does my Heart thus trembling move?
 Why do I sigh when go-----ing

To see the darling Saint I love?

Ah! she's my Heaven, and in her Eyes the Deity:
 There is no Life like what she can give,
 Nor any Death like taking my Leave.
 Tell me no more of Glory,

To Court's Ambition I've resign'd,
 But tell a long long Story,

Of *Celia's* Face, her Shape and Mind;
 Speak too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy to enjoy.
 Had I a Diadem, Scepter and Ball,
 For one happy Minute I'd part with them all. A

A New Scotch S O N G.



Walking down the *Hilghland Town*,
 there I saw *Lasses many*,
 But upon the *Bank* in the *highest rank*,
 was one *more gay* than any.
 I Look'd about for one *kind Face*,
 and I saw *Billy Scroggy*,
 I ask'd of him what was her *Name*,
 they call'd her *Catharine Logy*.

I travelled *East*, and I travelled *West*,
 and I travelled through *Strabogy*,
 But the fairest *Lass* that e'er I see,
 was, pretty *Catharine Logy*.

I Travel'd East, and I Travel'd West,
 And Travel'd through *Strabogy*;
 But I'd watch a long Winters Night
 To see fair *Catharine Logy*.

I've a Love in *Lamer Moor*,
 A dainty Love in *Leith*, Sir,
 And another Love in *Edinburgh*,
 And twa Loves in *Dalkeith*, Sir,

Ride I East, or ride I West,
 My Love she's still before me,
 But gin my Wife shou'd ken aw this,
 I shou'd be very sorry.

The Country W A K E.



IN our Country, and your Country, where Ruslers they
 (were a raking,
 The rarest Pastime that ever you see, was when Hay-
 (cocks they were making

Timmy and *Tom* with Bottle and Bag, so merrily they
 (were a quaffing,
 If you'd but zeen how *Joan's* Buttocks did wag, you'd
 (burst your Heart with laughing.
 On

On another Hay-cock was *Vulcan* the Smith, with *Dolly*,
 (that came from the Dairy,
 She thought that his Back was so full of Pith, which made
 (her so willing to tarry.

Then rustling *Foan* came brustling in, and said you are
 (vull of your Vrolicks,
 If you will not let black *Maggy* alone, beshrew she will
 (take you byth' Bald-pate.

Then fatchel-Arse *Ciss* she went to P——and they went
 (home to conduct her,
 And all the way after they did Kiss, and all they way
 (homewards they pluck'd her.

Then down in a Dale was Tumbledown *Dick*, the Wenches
 (they caught him and held him.
 Because he could not give 'em the thing they did lack;
 (poor Fellow, they threatn'd to Geld him.

Then did you not hear of a Country Trick?
 they say that *Iuskin's* no Daftard,
 For when Country *Gillians* do play with their *Dicks*,
 Then *London* must Father their Bastards.

*The Chorus to be humour'd by the Hands and Elbows,
 as the Soldier and the Sailor,*

The Devil and the Collier.



The



THe Devil he was so Weather-beat,
 He was forc'd to take to a Tree,
 Because the Tempest was so great,
 his way he could not see:
 Then under an Oak, instead of a Cloak,
 he stood to keep himself dry,
 There as he stood, a Fryer in his Hood
 by chance came walking by.

The next that came by, was a Collier with his Cart,
 that Coals was us'd to carry;
 What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
 and he caus'd him a while to tarry,
 For why, I do think with thee for to drink,
 and he call'd for a glass of Claret;
 I know thee so well that thou comest from Hell,
 and I think thou hast stole my Chariot.

The next that came by, was a Chimney-sweeper,
 with his Brooms, his Poles and Shackles;
 What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
 thou usest all these Tackles?
 I prithee gentle Blade, come tell me thy Trade,
 thy Face it is so besmear'd, (Back,
 If thou hadst not been so black with thy Tackles at thy
 thou hadst made me damnable afraid. The

The next that came by, was a Tawny-moor,
as soon as the Devil did him espy,
He leared on his Tawny skin,
saying Friend, art any kin to me?
For why, thy skin doth resemble our Kin,
Therefore let us walk together,
And tell me how thou dost allow
of this Tempestuous Weather.

The next that came by, was a Gun-powder grinder,
with Coals and Brimstone Sifted,
Who for three-quarters of a Year,
himself he had not Shifted,
Then up the Devil rose and he snuff'd up his Nose,
he could endure no longer,
Away with this Fume out of the Room,
it will neither quench Thirst nor Hunger.

What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
methinks I know thee well?
My Trade it is Gun-powder for to make,
to blow the Devil out of Hell:
Oh, had I but him here, his Bones I would tear,
he should neither scratch nor bite,
I'd plague the Devil for all his Evil,
and make him leave wandering by Night.

The Irish Hallaloo.

Instead



Instead of our Buildings and Castles so brave
 Into our Caverns we're forc'd for to crave.
 When we are driven along the Bogs,
 We root up Potatoes like the wild Hogs.

Instead of their Beavers and Casters so good,
 In their picked Caps they are forc'd to the Wood:
 And when they are driven along the Passes,
 They've nothing but Tatters to hang on their Arses.

Instead of their Mantles lined with Plush,
 They're forc'd to seek Rags off of ev'ry Bush:
 When they have gotten a very good Cantle,
 They go to the Butchers and there make a Mantle.

Instead of their Boots with Tops so large,
 I'm sure they are rid of that same Charge;
 Now they have gotten a thin pair of Brogues,
 And into the Woods among the Wild Rogues.

Their Mutton and Beef they are all wild Runts,
 Their Wives are all nasty, and so are their C--ts:
 But I'll keep my Fiddle-stick out of their Cases,
 They stink like Privies, a Pox of their Arses.

The Lady's New-Tears-Gift.

*To an excellent New Country Tune, called
Newington Buts.*



Women are Wanton, yet Cunningly Coy;
Lascivious, yet Crafty, to make us Obey.
When once they have Noos'd us, Triumphant they ride,
And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
Chor. But let them remember their Grandame Eve's Fate,
Left they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This

This Creature was made a Help-meet for the Man,
 And so he approv'd her. deny it who can.
 But surely poor *Adam* was soundly asleep,
 Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Chor. *But let them remember, &c.*

Old Painters did form them resembling the Snail,
 Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail,
 Implying that Modesty kept something in,
 Tho now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.

Chor. *But let them remember, &c.*

On a Campaign M I S S.



What



What if *Betty* grows old,
 and her Features decay,
 She's Young while she drinks,
 'tis the Grape makes her gay:

See how her Eyes shine,
 they sparkle with drink,
 Such a lustre has Wine,
 they never can sink.
 Such a lustre has Wine, they never can sink.

Let the Fops doat on Faces,
 her Soul's my delight,
 She can't want for Graces,
 who Tipples all Night.

Long Marches o'er Furrows,
 no place can her find,
 In spite of Camp sorrows,
 poor *Bett* will be kind.

Boy fill up our Glasses,
 not a Wrinkle will stand,
 They're Fools who use Washes,
 when *Claret's* at hand.

A Scotch S O N G.

Set by Signior Baptift.



THe Weather's too bleak now to gang out of doors,
 And faith by the Chimney Ize pass the long hours;
 And gin thac my Dear wilt now stay with me there,
 It may for blest *Jockey*, Freeze on the whole Year:

My bonny blith *Fenny*, then never let's part,
 No cold here I fear, but that of thy Heart;
 This Weather together weze Dally and Play,
 Enjoying and Toying, as if it were May.

In Summer 'tis sweet to trip o'er the Land,
 And in the green Meadows to walk hand in hand;
 When ev'ry Loon
 Of his Lafs begs a Boon,
 Or on the soft Grafs gives her a Green-Gown.
 Our Leisure
 And Pleasure
 Shall now be as great;
 Weze Tattle,
 And Prattle,
 And Blessing reap:
 And when I my *Jenny* fast by me do hold,
 She'll say it is rather too warm than too cold.

The Sound Country Lafs.



These *London* Wenches are so stout,
 they care not what they do,
 They will not let you have a Bout,
 without a Crown or two.

They double their Chops and curl their Locks,
 their Breaths Perfume they do,
 Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
 and that you're welcom to.

But give me the Buxom Country Lads,
 hot piping from the Cow,
 That will take a touch upon the Grass,
 I marry and thank you too.

Her Colour's as fresh as the Rose in *June*,
 her Temper as kind as a Dove,
 She'll please the Swain with a wholsom Tune,
 and freely give her Love.

To S T L V I A.





State and Ambition alas! will deceive ye,
 There's no solid Joy but the Blessing of Love;
 Scorn does of Pleasure, fair *Sylvia*, bereave ye,
 Your Fame is not perfect 'till that you remove:
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their Glory,
 Know Love is their brightest Jewel of Pow'r;
 Poor *Philemon's* Heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
 Ah! then disdain his Passion no more.

Jove on his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
 His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down;
 Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,
 And priz'd her far more than his Heav'nly Crown:
 She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
 And stroak'd his white Plumes, and feasted her Eye;
 His Cunning in Loving, knew well how to move her,
 By Billing, begins the bus'ness of Joy.

Since Divine Powers Examples have given,
 If we should not follow their Precepts, we sin;
 Sure 'twill appear an affront to their Heaven,
 If when the Gate opens, we enter not in.
 Beauty my Dearest, was from the beginning,
 Created to calm our Amorous Rage;
 And she that against that Decree will be sinning,
 In Youth still will find the Curse of Old Age.

Cuckold's

Cuckold's Creation.

WHat's a Cuckold, learn of me,
 Few can tell his Pedigree,
 Or his subtle Nature Conster,
 Born a Man, yet dies a Monster.

Yet great Antiquarians say
 They spring from old *Methusalab*;
 Who after *Noah's Flood* was found
 To have his Crest with Branches Crown'd.

But in *Eden's* happy shade,
 Such a Creature ne'er was made.
 Then to cut off all mistaking,
 Cuckolds are of Woman's making.

A S O N G.



Nothing than *Cloe* e'er I knew
 By Nature more befriended,
Celia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
 But by more Hearts attended.

No Nymph a live with so much Art,
 Receive's her Shepherd's firing,
 Nor does such Cordial drops impart
 To Love, when just Expiring.

Why thus, ye Gods. who cause our smart,
 Do you Love's Gifts dislever?
 Or why those happy Talents part,
 Which shou'd be join'd for ever?

For once perform an Act of Grace,
 Implored with such Devotion,
 And give my *Celia Cloe's* Face,
 Or *Cloe Celia's* Motion.

Mr.

Mr. Dogget's S O N G.

ILL sing you a Song of my Mistress that's pretty,
 A Lady so Frolick and Gay,
 It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
 For Love was all her Play.

She's Witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle.
 A Lady so Frolick and Gay,
 She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
 For Love was all her Play.

She Huggs and she Kisses without a word speaking,
 A Lady so Frolick and Gay,
 She falls on her Back without flinching, or squeaking,
 For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
 A Lady so Frolick and Gay,
 'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets, with warm Love upon her,
 For Love was all her Play.

The Crafty Mistress's Resolution.

ALL the Town so Lewd are grown,
hereafter you must excuse me;
If when you discover your self a Lover,
I think it is all a Lye:

Oaths and Sighs, and melting Eyes,
 you'll sacrifice to seduce me,
 The silly poor Women are often undone,
 and happily warn'd am I.

Excuse me for flying, and for denying,
 for faith Sir, I must refuse you ;
 Excuse me for knowing the cheats of your Wooing,
 and for the request excuse me :
 Excuse me if when you Vow'd and Swore,
 I thought you design'd to deceive me,
 But now who makes Love till his Eyes run o'er,
 shall never hereafter abuse me.

Wit and Youth did once invade,
 My Heart e'er I was Twenty,
 And I silly Creature, through meer good Nature,
 believ'd him what e'er he swore.
 Young and unpractic'd in the Trade,
 of Love I was not scanty ;
 But he who my Innocence then betray'd,
 shall never deceive me more.

For now tho he Flatter, and Ogle and Chatter,
 and still in the Dance will chuse me,
 Then argue the Case too, and look like an Als too,
 He after all this shall lose me ;
 For now I will Female-Cunning use,
 and all our stock of Revenge produce,
 The Rebel to Honour has broke the Truce,
 and all Mankind shall excuse me.

His soft words I will not mind,
 wherewith he strives to amuse me ;
 Nor to his feign'd Passion, so much in Fashion,
 will I at all give heed :

Though

Though with sighs he swears he dies,
and vows he can't live if he lose me,
Yet to his Tale I'll be deaf as the Wind,
and never will let him speed.

And by my so doing, I'll fit him for Wooing,
with an intent to abuse me ;
He that wou'd not Marry, I'faith now shall tarry,
And for not yielding, excuse me :
By Man I will be decoy'd no more,
My Passion no more it undoes me :
Once I believed what the false One had Swore,
but yet for all that, he shall lose me.

Tho Wit and Youth they do plead,
and with new Charms present me,
And tho he flatter, he's never the better,
for I'll believe him no more :
No more to Love I'll be betray'd,
but shun the danger it meant me,
'Tis happier far for to live a Maid,
if there were no more Men in store.

But since there are many, and I can have any,
Whose Hónesty will not abuse me,
I'll find one that's True to, and so bid adieu to
the Man that could once refuse me :
'Twas at my Honour it seems you aim'd,
but your Intent too soon you proclaim'd,
For which by the Vertuous you must be blam'd,
whilst all Mankind shall excuse me.

Dunmore K A T E.

THere lately was a Maiden Fair,
 With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,
 Who up to Town did trudge, Sir ;
 This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate*,
 Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
 As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little e'er it did grow Dark,
 She needs must walk into the Park,
 The Gentry for to see, Sir :
 Where soon she met a Footman gay,
 That stopt her short, and made her stay,
 To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full will, Sir:
She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country Store,
And let him take his fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out *John*,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
To trot before the Chair, Sir:
Which made this Damsel all alone,
To sigh and sob, and make great moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London Tricks*.
God send me down amongst my *Dicks*
That live on *Dunsmore Heath*, Sir:
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in ten,
May the De'il come stop my Breath, Sir.

A S O N G.





Boast no more fond Love, thy Power,
 Mingling Passions sweet and sowre ;
 Bow to *Celia*, shew thy Duty,
Celia sways the World of Beauty :
Venus now must kneel before her,
 And admiring Crowds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the Morning,
Celia shines, but more adorning,
 She like Fate, can wound a Lover,
 Goddess like too, can Recover.
 She can kill, or save from Dying,
 The transported Soul is Flying.

Sweeter than the blooming Rose is,
 Whiter than the falling Snow is ;
 Then such Eyes the Great Creator
 Chose his Lamps to kindle Nature :
 Curst is he that can refuse her ;
 Ah, hard Fate that I must lose her.

The Fisherman's S O N G.

Set by Mr. Leavidge.



O F all the World's Enjoyments
That ever valu'd were,
There's none of our Employments
with Fishing can compare:

Some Preach, some Write,
 Some Teach, some Fight;
 All Golden Lucre Courting,
 But Fishing still bears off the Bell,
 For Profit, or for Sporting.
Then who a Jolly Fisherman
a Fisherman will be,
His Throat must wet
Just like his Net,
To keep out Cold at Sea.

The Country Squire loves running
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For Wild-Ducks in his Grounds:
 This Hunts, that Fowls,
 This Hawks, *Dick* Bowls,
 No greater Pleasure wishing,
 But *Tom* that tells what Sport excels,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
Then who, &c.

A good *Westphalia Gammon*,
 Is counted dainty fare;
 But what is't to a *Sammon*
 Just taken from the Ware:
 Wheat Ears and *Quails*,
Cocks, Snipes, and Rayles,
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting,
 But all must stoop to *Craw-fish Soop*,
 Or I've no skill in Tasting.
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
 Their Prey with too much pains;
 Nay oftē break a Neck too,
 A Penance for no Brains;

They

They Run, they Leap,
 Now high, now deep,
 Whilst he that Fishing chuses,
 With ease may do't, nay, more to boot,
 May entertain the Muses.
Then who, &c.

And tho some envious Wranglers,
 To jeer us will make bold,
 And Laugh at patient Anglers,
 Who stand so long i'th' Cold.
 They wait on Miss,
 We wait on this,
 And think it easie Labour,
 And if you'd know, Fish profits too,
 Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.

T W A N G D I L L O.





Jolly Roger, Twangdillo of Plowden Hill,
 In his Chest had Two Thousand good Pounds,
 Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
 And a hundred good Acres of Ground;
 Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maiden-heads laden,
 And Widows, tho' just set free,
 To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit,
 To train to the Net, Twangdillo, Twangdillo,
 Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The first that brake Ice was a Lass had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd;
 Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-rail Clean,
 And to Sing and talk French had been bred;
 She'd dance *Northern Nancy*,
 Ask'd *Parler vous Fransay*,
 That *Hodge* might her Breeding see,
 She'd rowl her black Eye,
 Breat h short with a sigh,
 When e'er she came nigh Twangdillo, Twang, &c.

The next was a Sempstress of Stature low,
 That fanfy'd she wanted a Male,
 Her Hair was as black as an *Autumn Sloe*,
 And hard as a Coach-horses Tail:

She'd

She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
And prick with her Needle;
What d' lack, what d' buy cry'd she?
But now the brisk Tone,
Is chang'd to a Groan,
Ah! pity my Moan, *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

A musty old Chambermaid lean and tall,
The next as a Suiter appears,
With a Tongue loud and shrill, but no Teeth at all,
For Time had drawn them many Years:
Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
Old Smocks without number,
She bragg'd should her Dowry be,
Forty pair of Lac'd Shoes,
Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
But all would not Noose *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

The next was a Lass of a *Popish* strain,
That *Jesuite* Whims had been taught,
She bragg'd they shou'd soon have K. *James* again,
Tho her spouse was late Hang'd for the Plot;
The *French* would come over
And Land here at *Dover*,
And all as they wish'd, would be;
The *Jacobite* Jade,
Talk'd as if she was Mad;
In hopes to have had *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

A Vintner's fat Widow then strait was view'd,
Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf. (brew'd
He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he had
And lately had Poyson'd himself.
With Bumpers of *Claret*,
No Souse paying for it.
She'd *Roger's* Companion be;
Strike six on the Board,
Huzza was the word,
Come Kiss me ador'd *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
 And so gave a loose to the next,
 The Neice of a Canting Bleer-Ey'd Non Con,
 That stiffly could canvas a Text.
 A Dame in *Cheapside* too,
 Would fain be his Bride too,
 And make him of *London* Free;
 But no Lais wou'd down
 In Country nor Town,
 So Purse-proud was grown *Twangdillo, Twang, &c.*

Till at last pretty *Nancy*, a Farmer's Joy,
 That newly a Milking had been,
 Round-fac'd, Cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green.
 She mov'd like a Goddess,
 And in her lac'd Bodice,
 A Span she could hardly be;
 Her Hips were plump grown,
 And her Hair a dark brown;
 'Twas she that brought down *Twangdillo, Twangdillo,*
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty *Twangdillo,*
Twangdee.

Joy to the Bridegroom.



Joy



J OY to the Bridegroom! fill the sky
 With pleasing sounds of welcom Joy :
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every day still prove like this :
 Joy to the, &c.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But where two constant Hearts combine ;
 He that proves false, himself does cheat,
 Like sick Men tast's, but cannot eat.
 He that, &c.

What is a Maiden-head ? ah what ?
 Of which weak Fools so often prate ?
 'Tis the young Virgins pride and boast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 'Tis the, &c.

Fill me a Glas then to the brink,
 And its Confusion here I'll drink ;
 And he that balks the Health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be damn'd.
 And he that, &c.

The World Drown'd in a Glass.

What



What need we take care for *Platonical* Rules,
 Or the Precepts of *Aristotle*?
 Those that think to find Learning in Books are but Fools,
 True Philosophy lies in the Bottle:
 And the Mind that's confin'd to the modes of the Schools
 Ne'er arrives to the highth of a Pottle.
 Let the Sages of our Ages keep a talking of our Walking
 Demurely, whilst we that are Wiser,
 Do abhor all that's Moral in *Cato* and *Plato*,
 and *Seneca* talks like a Sizer.
 Then let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be bur'd,
 That our Follity may be compleater,
 For Nian tho be be but a very little World,
 Must be drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our Cheeks are as Star'd as the Skies,
 Let the Pale-colour'd Student flout us,
 Till our Noses like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,
 And we bear the Horrizon about us.
 And if all makes us fall, then our Heels shall devine
 What the Stars are a doing without us.
 Let *Lilly* go tell ye of Thunders and Wonders,
 And Astrologers all Devine;
 Let *Booker* be a looker in our Natures and Features,
 He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.
 Then let full Bowls, &c.

The

The National Quarrel.



S *Hone* a *Welch* Runt and *Hans* a *Dutch* Boor,
 As they one Ev'ning for Air did employ;
 Found *Teague* and *Sawney* just walking before,
 A bonny *Scotch* loon and an *Irish* dear Joy:
 They all four ne'er saw a Windmill,
 Nor had they heard of any such Name,
 But as they were walking, and merrily talking,
 It happen'd by chance to a Windmill they came.

Cho. *Hey down derry boe down derry,*
Mirth is better than Sorrow by half;
Listen to my Ditty, 'tis merry, 'tis Witty;
And if you an't Sullen 'twill make ye laugh.

Bread

Bread cry'd Sawney what do ye caw that, *Pointing to*
To tell its good Name I am at a loss. *the Windmill.*

Teague then readily answer'd the Scot,
By Chreesht, my dear Joy, 'tis St. Patrick's Cross.
Woons cry'd Sawney yare mistaken,
For 'tis St. Andrew's Cross that I swear;
For there is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,
The Muckle gud Saint did at Edinborough wear.
Cho. Sawney, Sawney, weel sayd Sawney.

*This Affair Sawney's notably bir,
Let aw discover that pass the Tweed over,
If Scotland e'er bred so bonny a Wit.*

Hans with a Belch gave vent in his turn,
Jck fall now spraeken den vaght it dos meane;
et ben ods Sacrament a grought Dutch Churne,
And they are now making the Butter within:
This device so tickled his fancy,
He swore by the States he'd go in for some;
And sell his blew Jerkin, but he'd have a firkin,
To carry his Wife and his family home.

Cho. Hogan, Hogan; Mogan, Mogan,
Sooterkin Hogan Herring Vandunck,
*For as it happen'd the Miller wi'th's Cap on
He thought a fat Froe, a white Dairy Punk.*

Hot pated Shone cry'd splut and look'd pigg,
You fools was alter your minds when hur speaks;
St. Taffy cawd this her create Whirligig,
And made it to scare away Crows from her Leeks:
Proof to shew, see where they crow,
Then pointed his finger over the hedge,
Where Nettles and Thistles, with Prickles and Bristles,
Grew thick in a field grown over with sedge,

Cho. Shone ap Shinkin Rice ap Tavy,
Shentlemen Kindred aw come away,
Tomas ap Morgan swear loud as an Organ,
And pawn all your Honours to what bur docs say.

By

By good *St. Patrick Teague* once more replies,
 I say 'tis his *Cross* for there is his *Coat*;
 I met him in *Dublin* a buying the *Frize*,
 A gud I will swear, 'tis the same that he bought:
 He's a better *Shaint* than ever *Holland*, or *Waish*, or *Scotland*,
 And by my *Showlwafion* he was my *Relation*, (can breed,)
 And had for stout *Teague* great kindness indeed.

Cho. *Lero, lero, lero, lero,*

Lilly Barlero Bullen a-la,

By my Showlwafion he was my Relation,

Chreesht save the sweet Face St. Patrick Agra.

Each gave his mind, but neither agreed,
 The *Welshman* grows hot, and the *Irish* man huffs;
 The bonny hold *Scot* told the *Dutch* man he ly'd,
 A Word and a blow, and so all went to Cuffs:
 Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,
 Noses were Mawlt, and thumping went round;
 But in a while after were forc'd to give quarter,
 And so went four fools well beaten to town.
 Cho. *Coats were torn, &c.*

My thing is my own. To the foregoing Tune.

I A tender young Maid have been courted by many
 Of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:
 A spruce *Haberdasher* first spake me fair,
 But I would have nothing to do with small ware.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will,

A sweet scented *Courtier* did give me a kiss,
 And promist me *Montains* if I would be his,
 But I'll not believe him, for it is too true, (doe.
 Some *Courtiers* do promise much more than they.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine man of Law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own cause with his Fee in his hand,
He made a brave motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him too,

My thing his my own, &c.

Next came a young Fellow a notable Spark
(With green bag and Inkhorn a Justice (lark)
He pull'd out his warrant to make all appear
But I sent him away with a flea in his ear.

My thing his my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an intent,
To give me a lesson on my Instrument.
I thank't him for nothing and bid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.

My thing his my own, &c.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his lash,
He profered me Jewels, and great store of gold,
But I would not mortgage my little free-hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt Lieutenant surprized my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it;
I mustered my spirits up and became bold
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very rich
And us'd with his bargains to go through fitch,
Did tender a sum but it would not avail
That I should admit him my Tenant in tayl.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper *Taylor*, with a yard in his hand
 Did profer his service to be at command,
 He talkt of a slit I had above knee,
 But I'll have no *Taylor*s to sticht it for me,
My thing is my own, &c.

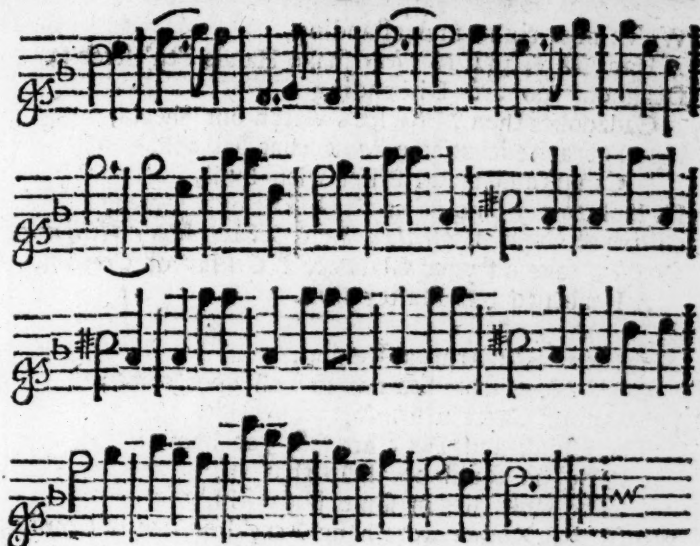
A Gentleman that did talk much of his grounds
 His horses, his setting-dogs, and his grey-hounds,
 Put in for a course, and us'd all his art,
 But he mist of the Sport, for Puls would not start.
My thing is my own, &c.

A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
 To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
 Did profer a kindness, but I would have none
 The same that he us'd to his mothers Maid *Joan*.
My thing his my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
 Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
 That made their addressees in hopes of a snap
 But as young as I was I understood Trap.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still.
Until I be Married, say men what they will.

Gillian of Croyden.





O Ne Holiday last Summer,
 From four to seven by *Croyden* Chimes ;
 Three Lasses Topping Rummors,
 Were set a prating of the Times,
 A Wife call'd *Joan* of the Mill;
 A Maid they call'd Bonney brown Nell
 A Widow mine Hostess, *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of
Croyden, *Gillian*, Young *Gillian*, Jolly *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

Ah! *Joan* cry'd the Maiden,
 This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money store,
 We now sha'n't miss of Trading;
 And sweet-hearts will come on thick, ye whore.
 No more will they Fight and Kill,
 But with us good Liquour will swill:
 These will be Rare Tymes cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*
 Of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, Plump *Gillian* of *Croyden*;
 Take off your Glass cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Bumper to Master *Will*,
 We've

230
We've now right understanding,
Hans *Dick*, and *Monfieur* shake Hands i'th' free ts
Dragoons too are Disbanding,
Gadzooks then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,
For a Redcoat you know that has will,
Can Plunder and Pilfer with Skill,
I'll look to my Smocks cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
Gillian of Croyden, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, *Wary Gillian* of
Croyden, take off your Glas cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
A Health to our Master *Will*.

Nel, then with Arms a *Kembo*,
Cry'd News from Sea not so well does come;
For want of Captain *Bembo*,
The Chink and *Pomti* are safe got home:
Tho' he could not help that ill,
The fault lies in some body still,
Wou'd that Rogue were hang'd cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
Gillian of Croyden, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, Loyal *Gil. &c.*

Strange Lords will now come over,
And all our Bells will Ring out for Joy;
The *Cezar of Muscovor*,
Who is, Lord bless him, some ten foot high:
I'll see him what e'er come o'th Mill,
Wou'd our Lads were like him cry'd *Nel*,
Great pity they ant cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*, *Gillian of Croyden*,
Gillian, Young *Gillian*, Tall *Gillian of Croyden*,
Nevertheless cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
A Bumper to Master *Will*.

Strange News the *Facks* of the City,
Have got cry'd *Foan*, but we mind no tales;
That our good King through wonderful pity,
Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,
That Peace may the stronger be still,
And that they may no longer *Rebell*.

Pith!

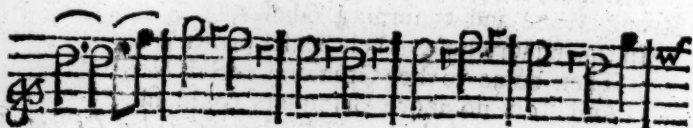
Pish! pox 'tis a Jest cry'd Gillian of Croyden, Gillian of
 Croyden, Gillian, bold Gillian, Witty Gillian, Gillian of
 Croyden, take off your Glas cry'd Gillian of Croyden,
 A Health to our Master Will.

So long top'd these Lasses,
 Till Tables, Chairs, and Stools went round ;
 Strong Wine and thumping Glasses,
 In three short hours their Senses drown'd :
 Then home to her Grannum reel'd Nel,
 And Joan no more Brimmers could fill,
 And off from her Chair drop'd Gillian of Croyden, Gillian of
 Croyden, Gillian, plump Gillian, drunk Gillian of Croyden,
 Here's the last Drop cry'd Gillian of Croyden,
 A Bumper to Master Will.

PUSS in a Corner.



To



TO Cullies and Bullies,
 of Country and Town;
 To Wearers and Tearers,
 Of *Manteau* and *Gown*;
 All Christian good People,
 That live round *Paul's Steeple*,
 I'll tell you a pleasant case:
 Hot headed I Wedded at Age of Threescore,
 A flanting young Wanton,
 Eighteen and no more;
 Of Parents I sought her,
 and Money soon bought her,
 I well might have had more Grace;
 For daily at Table,
 she'd pout and she'd squabble,
 And this still was all I got,
 When e'er I ask'd why, she'd cry pish fye,
 For Gold nor Apparel,
 I never did quarrel,
 But only you starve my Cat.

A pretty young Kitty,
 She had, that could Purr,
 'Twas gamesom and handsom,
 And had a rare Furr;
 And strait up I took it, and offer'd to stroak it,
 In hopes I should make it kind.
 But lowting and powting,
 It still was to me,
 Tho Nature, the Creature,
 Design'd should be free.
 I play'd with its Whiskers, and would have had discourse,
 But ah! it was dumb and Blind:
 When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its Diet,
 And found that I wanted that,
 Cry'd, pray run, fetch *John*,
 He's the Man that can,
 When it does need it, best know how to feed it,
 Or gad you will starve my Cat.

As fleet as my Feet
 Could convey me, I sped
 To *Johnny*, who many
 Times Puffy had fed:
 I told him my Errand, he wanted no Warrant,
 But hasted to shew his skill:
 He took it to stroak it,
 And close in his Lap
 He laid it to feed it,
 And gave it some Pap:
 And with such a Passion it took the Collation,
 Its Belly began to fill,
 And now within Door is so merry my *Cloris*,
 She laughs and grows wonderous Fat,
 And I run for *John*,
 Who's the Man that can,
 Tho I'm at distance, give present assistance,
 To please her, and feed her Cat.

A S O N G.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



When *Sawny* first did Woe me, he did at distance
 Advancing to undo me, he gently took my hand;
 He gently rais'd it higher, with pish and much ado,
 His Lips still creeping nigher, at last he kiss'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's enchanting Grace,
 He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touch'd my
 He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado, (Face:
 His Lips approaching nigher, at last he kiss'd me too.

Completely to undo me, he clasp'd me in his Arms;
 As tho he wou'd go through me, and search out all my
 As tho he wou'd go through me, with Oh, and much
 As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.

On

On the Lovely Mrs. K. W.



K *At* the loveliest thing
That e'er was form'd by Nature,
Flora i'th' pride of Spring,
Ne'er wore so sweet a Feature.

Her Air, her Port, her Mien,
Her Lips, her Eyes, Complexion,
Had *force* when on Earth, but seen,
He had Doated to Perfection.

With Kisses and Blissess one's drown'd
In Seas of Liquid Pleasure,
Such store of Riches there I found,
She's an endless Mine of Treasure.

Katy's Beauty. On Madam K. W.

Katy's a Beauty surpassing,
 She's a sweet Garden to pass in,
 In Town there is not like a Lass in,
 So Sweet, so Charming is she.

Her Eyes like Stars do so twinkle,
 Her Face is smooth, without Wrinkle,
 Her Chin's adorn'd with a Dimple,
 Like the Charms above her Knee.

Her Lips as red as a Rose is,
 And round and pretty her Nose is;
 Her Breath's a sweet mixture of Posies;
 None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of sweet Pleasure,
 In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure.
 If once you make but a Secure,
 You're lost in an Extasie.

A S O N G.



Jenny long resisted
 Wully's fierce desire;
 She the more persisted,
 Coyness rais'd his Fire.
 When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
 And the Virgin's Spoils,
 He found such short Pleasure,
 Answer'd not his Toils.

Jenny lay neglected
 In her Lover's Arms,
 When she was rejected,
 She tryed all her Charms:
 Then she did discover,
 That no Trick, no Art,
 Tho't might win a Lover,
 Con'd regain his Heart.

A S O N G.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



O Ne Sunday after *Mass*, *Dormet* and his *Lafs*
 To the Green-Wood did pass,
 All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone :
 He ask'd for a *Pogue*, she call'd him a *Rogue*,
 And struck him with her *Brogue*.
 Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

Said he, my dear *Joy*, why will you be *Coy* ?
 Let us play, let us *Toy*. all alone, all alone, all alone.
 If I were too *Mild*, you are so very *Wild*,
 You will get me with *Shild*, O hone, O hone O hone.

He brib'd her with *Sloes*, and brib'd her with *Nuts*,
 Then a thorn prick'd her *Foots*, *Halla lu*, *halla lu*, *halla lu*.
 Let me pull it out. You'll hurt me, I doubt,
 And make me to shout, *Halla lu*, *halla lu*, *halla lu*.

A S O N G.

Set by Mr. Leveridge.



When *Cupid* from his Mother fled,
 He changing his shape, thus made his Escape
 His Mother thought him Dead.
 Some did him a kindness, and cur'd him of Blindness,
 And thus disguis'd like me, thus disguis'd,
 thus disguis'd, thus disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God, the little God cou'd see.

He enters into Hearts of Men, and there does spy,
 (Just so do I) That Falshood lurks within;
 That Sighing and Dying, is Swearing and Lying,
 All this disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God could see.

A S O N G.



Blith *Fockey* young and gay,
 Is all my Soul's delight,
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter still with me ;
 But when he's with me here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

I'm Blythe when *Fockey* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis Night when *Fockey* glooms,
 And if he Smiles, 'tis day.
 When our Eyes meet, I Pant,
 I Colour, Sigh, or Faint :
 What Lafs that wou'd be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind ?

A S O N G.



Y Oung *Phaon* strove the Bliss to taste,
 But *Sappho* still deny'd :
 She struggl'd long, the youth at last,
 Lay panting by her side.
 Useless he lay Love would not wait,
 Till they could both agree,
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear :
 I'll in thy Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age cou'd Love's Rights perform,
 We make Old Men obey ;
 They Court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And plunder and away.

A S O N G.



SMiling *Phillis* has an Air so engaging, all Men love her,
But her hidden Beauties are Wonders I dare not dis-
(cover ;

So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour to forget her ;
Still she brings me back again, and I daily love her better.

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is
(always flowing ;

Evry Minute does surprize with fresh Beauties still a
(Blowing.

Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a
(Treasure ;

But I die with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Plea-
(sure.

Free and easie without Pride, in her Language and her
(Fashion ;

Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any Passion.
When she says I have her Heart, tho I ought not to be-
(lieve her,

She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd for ever.

A S O N G.



(Beauties Pride.

Come all the Youths whose Hearts have bled by cruel
 Being each a Garland on his head, let none his Sor-
 (rows hide :

But hand in hand around me move,
 Singing the saddest Tales of Love,
 And try when your Complaints ye join,
 If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I, my heart no sorrow knew,
 Pity the pain with which I die, and ask not whence it grew
 Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
 That's very Lovely, very Kind,
 Tho bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bears,
 Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

A

A S O N G.



Bless Mortals, bless the clearing Light,
 That flows from *Cælia's* Eyes,
 For never did a Star so bright
 In Beauty's Heav'n rise :
 And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight,
 And all the mighty toils of State
 She softens with her Charms,
 Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.
 Who lives that does not yield to Love,
 And oft his Joys renew ;
 And yet how few in Kings approve,
 What they themselves pursue.
 The murmuring Crowd themselves afford
 The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
 Tho Love is Empire's Dower,
 To recompence the Slavery of Power.

A · S · O · N · G.

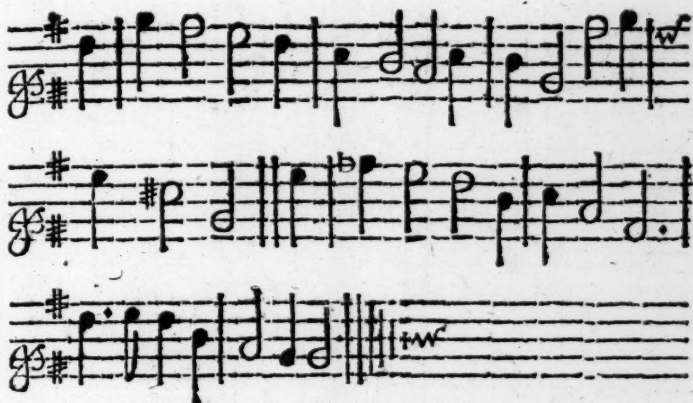
By Mr. *James Hart.*

Happy is the Country Life,
 Blest with Content, good Health and Ease,
 Free from factious noise and strife,
 We only Plot our selves to please:
 Peace of Mind the days delight,
 And Love our welcom Dream at Night.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods.
 Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure;
 Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
 Where Vertue only is secure:
 Free from Vice, here free from Care,
 Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A S O N G.

By Mr. James Hart.



Now ev'ry place fresh Pleasure yields,
 Let all our Appetites be free ;
 Let us enjoy the verdant Fields,
 This is Dame Nature's Jubilee.

With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
 Our Temples bound, we'll dance and sing ;
 So blithly will we pass the Hours,
 As to promote the growing Spring.

The *Sylvian* Gods the Nymphs and Fawns,
 Shall to our Chorus join their Voice ;
 The Woods, the Streams, the Hills and Lawns,
 Loudly in Echo's shall rejoice.

A S O N G.



THo the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart ;
 Tho kindly her Eyes twist numerous Rays,
 To tie a more fortunate Heart ;
 Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my pain,
 His heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck with
 (Disdain.
 Still my Heart is so just to my passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with delight while I gaze :
 And he that loves on, tho *Silvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys.
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, the force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

A S O N G.



I Never saw a Face till now,
 That could my Passion move,
 I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow,
 But durst not think of Love;
 Till Beauty charming ev'ry Sense,
 An easie Conquest made,
 And shew'd the vainness of Defence,
 When *Phillis* does Invade.

But ah! her colder Heart denies,
 The Thoughts her Looks Inspire,
 And while in Ice that frozen lies,
 Her Eyes dart only Fire:
 Between Extreame I am undone,
 Like Plants to Northward set,
 Burnt by too violent a Sun,
 Or cold, for want of Heat.

A S O N G.



GO tell *Amyntor* gentle Swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
 For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief,
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief;
 That Musick should in sounds convey
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live:
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid:
 Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
 That soon they will be past Redress;
 For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

A S O N G.



F*Ancelia's* Heart is still the same,
 Hard and cold as Winter's Morning,
 Tho my Love is ever burning.
 Yet no Frowns or smiles can ever
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
 All the Groves and Streams can name her ;
 All the Nymphs and Echo's blame her.
 If she keeps her cruel Fashion,
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
 All the Looks with which I Languish,
 Moves not her to any Feeling,
 Beauty takes delight in killing.

A S O N G.



Fly from *Olinda* young and Fair,
 Fly from her soft engaging Air,
 And Wit in Woman found so rare.
 Tho all her Looks to Love advise,
 His yet unconquer'd Heart denies,
 And breaks the promise of her Eyes.

Waste not your Youth in coy Disdain,
 Hope not your Beauty's pleasing Reign,
 By ways of Rigour to maintain.
 If we to Kings Obedience owe,
 Or to the Gods with Incense go,
 'Tis for the Blessing they bestow.

A S O N G.

*Dⁿ Blow.**E. of Rochester -*

ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in store.
 By Memory alone.

What ever is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my lot,
 And that as fast as it is Got,
Phillis is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows;
 If I by Miracle can be,
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
 It's all that Heav'n allows.

A S O N G.



When I see my *Strephon* languish,
 With *Lucinda's* Charms oppress'd;
 When I see his pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breast:
 Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from Loving?
 Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from Loving.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
 There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him
 Why should I alone refuse him?
 There's not, &c.

A S O N G.

By Capt. Pack.



IN vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes;
 She still is Charming, still is Fair,
 And must Love, tho I Despair:
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her disdain,
 Who would not die to be so sweetly slain.

Like those who Magick Spells employ,
 At distance wounds and does destroy;
 She kills with her severe Disdain,
 And absent I endure the pain.

But spare, O spare your cruel Art!

The fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A S O N G.



L Ovely *Laurinda* ! blame not me,
If on your beauteous Looks I gaze ;
How can I help it, when I see
Something so Charming in your Face !
That like a bright unclouded Sky,
When in the Air the Sun-beams play ;
It ravishes my wondring Eye,
And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

The Gard'ners SONG: Words by
Mr. Samuel Wilde.



IN the World can ever a Trade be found
Like Gardiners, which replenish the Ground,
And makes the Earth by Providence's Hand,
Yield great fruition unto the Land?

To Mortals we render plenty

Of Dishes fine and dainty

As Fruit and Sallats,

To pleasure the Palates

Of each Man,

Which is a Lesson to teach Man

How we Gard'ners gain the Praise.

N

Before

Before that *Adam* in *Paradise* he
Had tasted of the forbidden Tree,
It was unlawful for any to Kill,
Or the Blood of living Creatures to spill ;
The Fruit and the Herbs were ordained
Whereby they should be sustained,
Without any Strangling,
Or Killing and Mangling
Each Creature ;
Can any Maxim be greater ?
For the Gardiner's chiefest Praise.

The Metropolitan Gardiners Trade,
While Earth continues, can never Fade,
For from the Ground we raise up a store,
To pleasure the Rich, and nourish the Poor.
Our Trade is the World's Physician,
To suit each Patient's Condition :
For whatever ceases,
We heal most Diseases
Of all Men,
That happens, or ever befall Men.
Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The skilful Doctors might pick their Nails,
If ever the Trade of the Gardiners fails,
For by our Herbs, the rarest Compounds
Are made to cleanse and to heal the Wounds,
That incident happens to any,
And is well known unto many
That have been pained,
And sorely complained
Of Sorrow,
Yet have found Ease on the Morrow.
Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The Second Part.

IN the Gardiner's Paradise sweetly grows,
Carnations, Pinks, and the Damask-Rose,
With hundreds of Flowers, whose fragrant scent
Enjoins in one for to yield Content,
Where Mortals may ravish their Senses
With Odours and sweet Influences,
That comes from the Flowers,
Which savouring Showers
Sets springing,
And pretty Birds are singing
Pleasant Notes in the Gardiner's praise.

All sorts of Apples, with Pears and Mulberries,
Nuts, Grapes and Pippins, with black and red Cherries,
Rare Peaches, Plums, Apricocks and Quinces,
To pleasure the Eye and the Palate of Princes.
Can any possess such a Treasure,
And not be enjoyed with Pleasure :
Where Currans and Gooseberries,
Rasberries and Strawberries
Invites you :
Then taste of the Fruit that Delights you,
And you'll render the Gardiners Praise.

What Flesh is fitting for Man to eat,
Untill our Herbs do savour the Meat ?
To Roast or Boyl'd, they answer both,
As Sawce and Sallads, and Herbs for Broth :
Our fragrant Garden presents you
Each several Kinds to content you ;
Baum, Time, Winter-Savory,
Mint, Sage, and Rosemary,
Whose sweetness
Orders the Food with Compleatness.
This aspires the Gardiner's Praise.

What Plants and Roots, and various things,
 To pleasure the World. in the Garden Springs :
 The Artich oak, Cabbage, and Colliflower,
 And Coleworts our Garden affords a power,
 With Parsnips and Carrots and Onions,
 Young Cucumbers, Beets and Muskmelons,
 And all things to eat
 With those kinds of Meat
 That's Ordained,
 Or in the World is contained.
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

Sir William Butlers Bald Colt.



WELL I'll say that for Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 He's as good as any's in the Town-a ;
 Nay, more than that, Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt
 Has kick'd many a Man down-a.

Toll, toll, &c,

My

My Gaffer *Hunt* ran after Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 Crying out, Ho, *Ball*, Ho, stand-a: (bald Colt
 Why, that was as much as to say, as if Sir *William Butler's*
 Was at my Gaffer *Hunt's* Command-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

Sir *William Butler's* Bald Colt clap'd his Ears in his Pole,
 And ran most lamentable. (bald Colt,
 But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to catch Sir *William Butler's*
 G---z---s he was not able.
Tol, tol, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* follow'd Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 As far as *Ensham Church-a*, (bald Colt,
 And if my Gaffer *Hunt* had caught Sir *William Butler's*
 He had claw'd his Arse with Birch-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

Or if he had'nt claw'd his Arse with Birch,
 He had fir'd his Cods with Holly;
 But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to set his Wit to Sir *William*
Butler's bald Colt,
 G---z---s, 'twas but a Folly.
Tol tol, &c.

At last Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 Jump'd into another Man's Ground-a,
 And there my Gaffer *Hunt* he caught Sir *William Butler's*
 (bald Colt
 And put him in the Pound-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

ENFIELD Common.



ON *Enfield Common*, I met a Woman,
 a bringing *North-Hall Water* to the Town;
 Said I fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
 I'll light and give you ease in a green Gown;
 Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood Sir.
 for the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it;
 Then in a minute I left my Gennet,
 and went aside with her into a Thicket,
 Then with her leave there, a dose I gave her,
 she straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
 for panting on the Grass she did complain,
 Saying Physician, my sick Condition,
 I fear will suddenly return again,
 If you deny me, and don't supply me,
 with many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure,

Then

Then prithee Gallant improve thy Talent,
since we have Opportunity and Leisure,
With such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
the seem'd to press upon me out of measure.

'Twas summer weather, we sat together,
and chatted all the pleasant afternoon,
No one was near us, to over hear us,
at length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune,
To give a Glister, with that I Kiss'd her,
she cry'd another fit does round me hover,
With the green Rushes I'll veil my Blushes,
for in my Cheeks I know you may discover,
What's my desire; Love never Tire,
for Oh! I long, I long to be a Mother.

With that I told her, that I wou'd hold her,
a Guinea to a Groat it should be so.
In nine months after, a Son or Daughter,
will be your lucky lot, Dear Love, I know,
Quoth she you vapour, and draw your Rapier,
but yet methinks too soon you seem to tire,
I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
that nine months hence I have not my desire,
Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
alas! the name of Mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lass,
Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
the night we did in youthfull pleasures pass,
With melting Bliss'es, and Charming Kiss'es,
on downy Beds secure from Wind or Weather,
And in the Morning by Days adorning,
we 'rose and drank a Glas of Wine together,
With joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
to have a heart far lighter than a feather.

I having cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
 if e'er it was my luck to come that way,
 I'd pawn my honour, to call upon her,
 but for that time I could no longer stay;
 The loving creature, of pure good nature,
 she gave me twenty Kisses when we parted,
 Because she never had found such favour,
 in loves soft Pleasures to be so diverted,
 Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
 'twas time I had her company deserted.

The Jolly Miller.



The



THE Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back,
The Miller so work'd it that in Eight months after,
Her belly was fill'd as full her Sack :

Young *Robin* so pleas'd her,
That when she came home,
She gapt like a stuck Pig, and star'd like a Mome ;
She Hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hollow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,
This this was her Song,
Hoy, was ever Maiden so Lerricom Poop'd;

Oh *Nelly*, cry'd *Celie*, thy Cloaths are all mealy,
Both backside and belly are rumpled all ore,
You moap, mow and slubber, why *what a pox ail ye ?*
I'll go to the Miller and know all ye where.
She went, and the *mill*er so grinding did Ply,
She came cutting Capers a foot and half high,
She waddled and straddled and hollow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,
this, this was her Song :

Hoy, were ever two Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

Then *Mary* o'th' Dairy, a third of the number,
Would fain know the cause they so jigg'd it about,
The *Miller* her wishes long would not encumber,
But in the old manner the secret made out.
Thus *Celie* and *Nelly* and *Mary* the mild,
Were just about Harvest time all big with child,
They danc'd in a Hay, and they hollow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,
this, this was their Song,

Hoy, were eventhree Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

And when they were big they did stare on each other,
And crying oh Sisters what shall we now do,
For all our young *Bawlings* we have but *one Father*,
And they in one month *will all come to town too*.
O why did we run in such haste to the *Mill*,
To *Robin* who always the tole-dish would fill,
He bumpt up our bellies then hollow'd and hoop'd,
And all the day long,
this, this was their Song,
Hoy, were ever three Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

A SONG Sett by Mr. Leveridge.

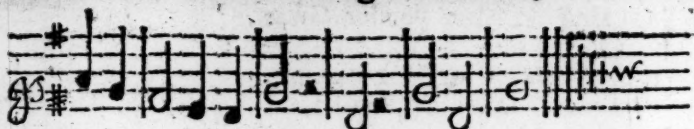


Jogging

Jogging on from yonder Green,
 Oh the pleasant sight I've seen ;
 John and Dolley jog, jog jogging,
 John and Dolley jogging on,
 Themselves Cooling, Johnney was fooling,
 Cry'd she will you ne'er have done,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog jogging on,
 The Sun shines, make hay,
 Make hay, make hay, make hay good John ;
 Hey ho, hey ho, that I might doe soe,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog jogging,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog jogging on.
 John to ease her of her pain,
 Ended and begun again,
 He grew weary, jog, jog jogging,
 She more Cheary, jogging on,
 Cry'd my deary, prithy tarry,
 Sure you han't already done ;
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog jogging on :
 The Suns down pray stay,
 Pray stay, pray stay, good John.
 Hey ho, that I might do soe,
 Jog, jog jogging on.

A S O N G Set by Mr. Leveridge.





Early in the dawning of a Winters morn,
 Brother *Dick* and I went forth into the Barn ;
 To get our selves a heat,
 By Thrashing of the Wheat,
 From the Stack, from the Stack, from the Stack, the Stack:
 The Straws they flew about,
 And the Flails they kept a rout,
 With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack.

Margery came in then with an Earthen Pot,
 Full of Pudding that was piping hot ;
 I caught her by the Neck fast,
 And thank'd her for my Breakfast ;
 With a Smack &c.

Then up went her Tail,
 And down went the Flail,
 With a Thwack &c.

Dick Threshing on cry'd out fie for shame,
 Must I beat the Bush while you catch the Game ;
 Sow your wild oates,
 And mind not her wild notes,
 Of Alack, &c.

Faith I did the Job,
 Whilst the flail bore a bob,
 With a Thwack &c.

She shook of the straws and did nothing ail,
 Swearing there was no defence against a flail ;
 But quietly lay still,
 And bid me fill, fill, fill.

Her Sack &c.
 But 'twas all in vain,
 For I had spilt my Grain,
 With a Thwack, &c.

The

The Politick C L U B.



A Country Bumpkin that Trees did grub;
 A Vicar that us'd the Pulpit to drub,
 And two or three more o'er a Stoop of strong Bub,
 Late met on a Jolly Occasion.
 No ill Contrivance to Cheat, or Rob,
 But each in his turn, to speak a dry Bob,
 As drunk as five Lords, and as poor as Job,
 Thus settl'd the state of the Nation.

Farmer.

(these ?

Farmer. Oh, Neighbour, Neighbour, what Times are
How long will't be e'er we shall have a Peace,
My Coat's out at Elbows, my Breeches at Knees,

Oh, *England* thou art a sweet Nation.
The Monsieur goes on in his former way,
The Troops are ready without their Pay,
To Stare on each other in Battle-Array.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Vicar. The Mob have been to Religion true,
Pull'd down the Red, and set up the Blew ;
They have done their best, give the Devil his due,
With a Protestant active Endeavour.

Lawyer. And what no Nation before did dare,
The Coin is chang'd in a time of War,
Which shews we have Bullion enough, and to spare.
Oh, would it may prove so for ever.

Citizen. And tho Bank Bills we've discounted found,
And that for a hundred, we've got but five Pound,
'Tis Mill'd and its pretty, it shines, and its round.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

The Clippers Trading is at an end,
I wish it may our Condition mend,
They've no Coin to Clip now, nor we none to spend.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Courtier. The King his Taxes no Friend can grutch,
Tho Jacobites Bawl that we lavish too much ;
That all runs away to the *French* and the Dutch.
And that nothing is left more to drein Boys.

Citizen. But let us look but within our doors,
How Backs and B illies exhaust our Stores,
Let's take up our Wives, and let's take down our Whores,
We've enough for another Campaign Boys.

Courtier.

Courtier. Tho Citts cry out that they are undone,
A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone ;
Their Wives are well rigg'd and Gold Laces still on.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
Lawyer. Tho Goldsmiths Break too and shut up door,
'Tis more to Cheat ye, than want of Ore,
For Rogues will be Rogues, whether Wealthy or Poor.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Citizen. Great Joy will come from the Chequer Board,
When true Effects all our Tallies afford,
Cour. And all our new Medals come out of their Hoard,
That, that will be great Consolation.
Vicar. When each Man's Purse to our Party leans,
And Senates study right Ways and Means,
Farmer. And large sums of Gold comes from Bishops and
(Deans.
Then, then will be true Reformation.

Lawyer. Tho Foreign Gamesters our Ruin Plot,
And in our Tables perceive a Blot,
We'll win the Game afterwards with a why not.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
Poor *Britain's* Troubles then soon relieve,
And in our stead, make our Enemies grieve,
The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.
Then *England* will be a sweet Nation.

MAC BALLOR.



IF a woful sad Ditty to know thou art willing Man,
 Open thy Ears Joy, and then thou shalt see,
 To London, Mac Ballor a stout Ini-killing Man,
 Seeking Brown Kate, by my Shoul am come eey :
 My Heart is fore wounded, fore wounded. fore
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, hone, Oh hone, hery Morah.

When

(Joy,
When the Valiant King *William* cross'd over the *Boyn*,
And with broken Pates, made *Jack Papishes* flee;
Of Dragoons a brave Troop made a Gallop to joyn Joy,
And up with the foremost by Chreeht did come eey.
They were beaten fore, Curst and Swore, and did roar,
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

When I went with a Party, I Sung and was merry too,
Tho Hunger gives small occasion to Laugh;
I without any Grumbling, fought in *London-Derry* too,
Without one dram of Snuff, or Usquebaugh.
Where we fed on Roots, stinking Fruits, old Jack-Boots.
A la Boo, Boo, &c.

(there
In a Skirmish near *Limerick*, on the Bank of the *Shannon*,
Many stout *Teagues* were slain in time of Yout;
And at *Agrim* I narrowly scap'd the Dam'd Canon there,
Catching the Balls by my Shoul in my Mout,
But tho the Guns spar'd my Bones, Love Gad Zoons,
A la Boo, Boo, &c.

That Bully God *Mars*, tho a Bug-bear they make him,
All Arm'd like a Gun-Smith, with Bullets and Fire
I defy, but the little Whelp *Cupid*, Plague take him,
Makes me grunt and doze like a Hog in the Mire:
She had Irish lize, English Eyes, fat Dutch Thighs.
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

Heav'n make me a Cabler, or make me a Broom-man,
Or cry Pudding, what a Plague call ye it i'th' Streets,
So I may no more pogue the Hone of a Woman,
Deel tauk me 't has har'd me quite out of my Wits,
For when I get drunk, toap a Funk, in comes Punk.
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, Bone, ob bone, bery morab.

On a Beautifull young Lady, walking in
Ham-Walks.



VV As it some Cherubim,
Sent down my Soul to win;
Or was it Beauties Queen,
Blessing the Grove:
Was it a Star from high,
Drop'd from the Galaxy;
Or some divinity,
Ranging above.
No, no, no, ah! no, no, no,
'Twas Soul delighting *Celimene*;
She whose Grace,
And charming Face,
Inspires all with Love.

Da-

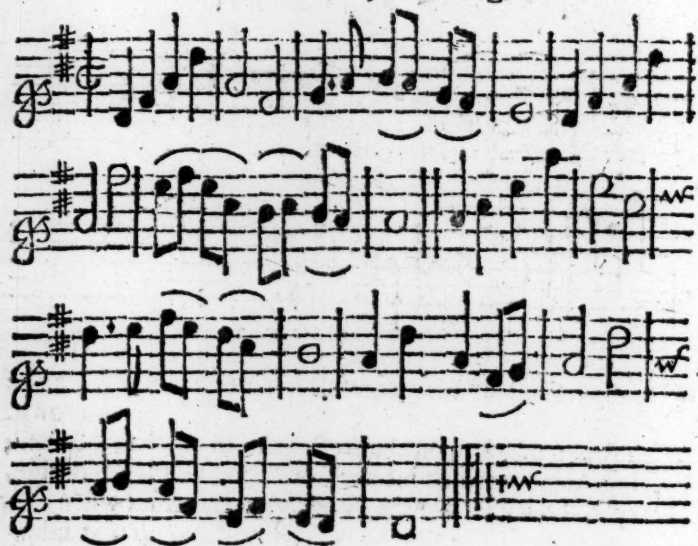
Damon's Retirement.



Damon fond of his peacefull retirement far from the
 (town,
 With sweet *Cloris* upon the fresh bank of *Avon* sat down;
 Folding Arms there about her soft Neck, ye Pow'rs divine,
 He cry'd, how vain are the Worlds gaudy trifles when *Clor*
 (is is mine.

Poor *Augusta* each hour thou survive'st new troubles still
 (brings,
 Toft and tumbled and banded about, twixt *Senates* and
 (Kings;
 Time revolving thou ne'er art secure of what is thine,
 Then ah how happy am I that am sure that dear *Cloris* is
 (mine.
 View

View the Court and the Rays that shine there are dim'd
 (with a cloud,
 View the Country in spite of the Peace complaining are
 (loud;
 View the City, they'll swear their unhappy Trades de-
 (cline,
 Then blest am' I that can say, Health, a Bottle and *Cloris*
 (are mine.

The Scotch Parsons Daughter.

Peggy in devotion,
 Bred from tender years;
 From my Loving motion,
 Still was call'd to Prayer's
 I made muckle bufile,
 Love's dear fort to win;
 But the Kirk Apostle,
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

He

Fasting and repentance,
 And such Whining Cant;
 With the Dooms-day sentence,
 Frighted my young Saint.
 He taught her the Duty,
 Heavenly joys to know;
 I that lik'd her Beauty,
 Taught her those below:

Nature took my part still,
 Sense did Reason blind;
 That for all his Art still,
 She to me inclin'd:
 Strange delight hereafter,
 Did so dull appear;
 She as I had taught her,
 Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
 'Mongst the canting Race;
 Neither Son nor Daughter,
 Ever yet had Grace:
 Peggy on the Sunday,
 With her Daddy vext;
 Came to me on Monday,
 And forgot his Text.

Willie's Intreague; a New SONG.



'Twas



'T Was when Summer was Rosie,
 In Woods and Fields many a Posy;
 When late young Flaxen-hair'd *Nelley*,
 Was way-lay'd by bonny black *Willey*:
 He Oagled her, and Teiz'd her,
 He Smuggled her and Squeez'd her,
 He Grabbled her too very near the Belly;
 She cry'd I never will hear ye,
 Oh Lord! oh Lord! I can't bear ye,
 Ye Tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so, *Willey*.

Soon the fit tho. was over,
 And *Nelley* her breath did recover;
 When *Willey* bated his Wooing,
 And coolly prepar'd to be going;
 When *Nelley* tho he teiz'd her,
 And Grabbled her and Squeez'd her,
 Cry'd stay a little I vow and swear I could kill ye,
 Another touch I can bear ye,
 Oh Lord! oh Lord! I will hear ye,
 Then tickle me again, tickle me again *Willey*.

A SONG Representing the going of a Pad.



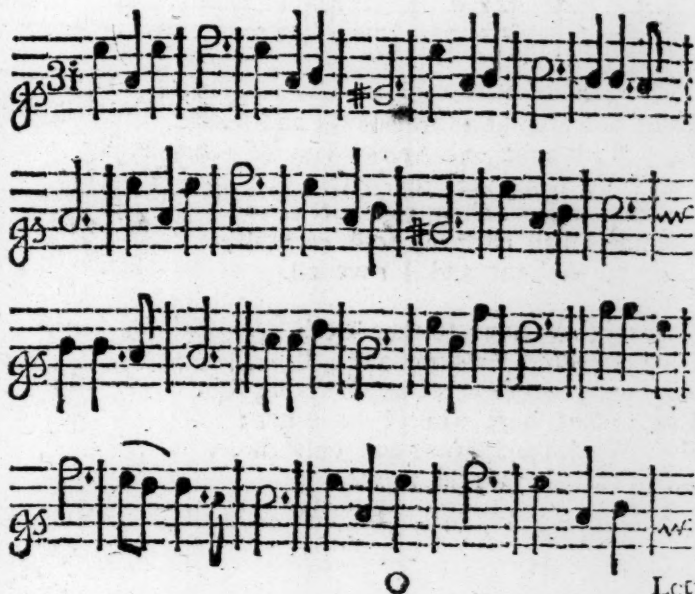
When

- W**hen for Air
I take my Mare,
And mount her first,
Walk. She walks just thus,
Her Head held low,
And Motion slow ;
With Nodding, Plodding ;
Wagging, Jogging,
Dashing, Plashing,
Snorting, Starting,
Whimsically she goes.
Then whip stirs up,
Trott. Trott, Trott, Trott ;
Ambling then with easie flight,
Pace. She riggles like a Bird at Night ;
Her shuffling hitch,
Regales my Britch ;
Trott. Whilst Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
brings on the Gallop,
Gallop. The Gallop, the Gallop,
The Gallop, and then a short
Trott. Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott.
Strait again up and down,
Gallop. up and down, up and down,
Till she comes home with a Trott,
Trott. When Night dark grows.

- Just so *Phillis*,
fair as Lillies :
W. As her Face is,
has her Paces :
And in Bed too,
like my Pad too ;
Nodding, Plodding,
Wagging, Jogging,
Dashing, plashing,
flirting, spirting ;

- T. Artfull are all her ways,
Hearts thump Pitt, Patt,
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott.
- P. Ambling, then her Tongue gets loose,
Whilst wrigling near I press more close:
Ye Devil she crys;
I'll Tear your Eyes;
- T. When Mane seiz'd,
Bum squeez'd.
- G. I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop,
T. And Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Straight agen up and down,
G. Up and down, up and down,
Till the last Jerke with a Trott
T. Ends our Love chase.

A S O N G.





L Et Monarchs fight for Pow'r and Fame,
 With noise and Arms Mankind Alarm:
 Let daily fears their quiet fright,
 And fears disturb their rest at Night:
 Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
 Give me content and I have all.

Hear mighty Love, to thee I call,
 Give me *Astrea* she's my all.
 That Soft, that Sweet, that charming Fair,
 Fate cannot hurt while I have her;
 She's Wealth and Pow'r and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.

A S O N G.



STill I'm Wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring;
 Yet each gift I think too small,
 Still the more I am presented,
 Still the less I am contented;
 Tho' the Vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more?
 Has she Lavish'd all her store?
 Must my Hopes to nothing fall?
 Oh you know not half your treasure;
 Give me more, give over measure,
 Yet you can' never, never give me all.

A S O N G.



L Et the Souldiers rejoyce,
 With a general Voice;
 And the *Senate* New honours decree 'em:
 Who at his Armies head,
 Struck the fell Monster dead;
 And so boldly, so boldly and bravely did free 'em.

 To *Mars* let 'em raise,
 And their Emperors praise,
 A Trophy of the Armies own mak'ng,
 To *Maximinian* too,
 Some honours are due;
 Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

 With Flowers let 'em strow,
 The way as they go;
 Their Statues with Garlands adorning,
 Who from Tyrannies night,
 Drove the mist from their sight;
 And gave 'em a Glorious morning.

A SONG.



What shall I do to shew how much I love her,
 How many Millions of Sighs can suffice;
 That which wins other Hearts ne'er can move her,
 Those common methods of Love she'll despise:

I will Love more than Man e'er Lov'd before me,
 Gaze on her all the day, and melt all the night,
 Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me,
 To Love her less to preserve our delight.

Since gods themselves could not ever be Loving,
 Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joy;
 I wish my Soul could be ever Improving,
 Tho' eager Love, more than sorrow destroys.
 In fair *Aurelia's* Arms, leave me expiring,
 To be Imbalm'd with the sweets of her breath;
 To the last moment I'll still be desiring;
 Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

A S O N G.



Could



Could Man his wish obtain,
 How happy would he be?
 But wishes seldom gain,
 And hopes are but in vain,
 If Fortune disagree:
 Pity ye Pow'rs of Love,
 Our Infelicity.
 Why should the Fates conspire,
 To frustrate my desire,
 Since Love's a gentle fire,
 That keeps the World alive:
 But me it puts to pain;
 It makes me wish in vain, in vain,
 Nor promise any hopes to give.

I love, and still I view,
 Yet dare not tell my mind;
 Should I my Flames pursue,
 It might that Bliss undo,
 Which is for her design'd.
 A Blessing far above,
 More lasting, rich, and kind;
 Though hopes successless prove
 My Heart shall ne'er remove
 From wishing of her Love,
 In *Fortune's* Triumphs lead:
 And though it banish me,
 If she but happy be,
 'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

A S O N G.



VV Hy does the Morn' in Blushes rise,
Tell me O God of day?

Clarona, oh! *Clarona's* Eyes,

Out-shine the brightest Rays.

'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,

Dim taper God be gone,

And hide thy baffled Beams in Night,

Let her rule Day-alone.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
 And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
 Celestial Crowns to gain:
 Yet after all, could you but love,
 No more, would I pursue
 The endless search of Joys above,
 But find out Heav'n in you.

A S O N G.



F Arweel bonny *Wully Craig*,
 Farweel to au thy broken Uows to me;
 Thou wast a lovely Lad,
 When on the Grass thou tempted'st me,
 Full oft have I dry'd mine Eyn,
 When by my self to milking I have gean;
 Oft have I gift the Green,
 Where *Wully* vow'd to be my Swain.

Sea neat was my conny Lad,
 With new Ruffet Shoon, and *Holland Band*;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au :
 His Locks were sea finely seam'd
 And shone as bright as any in the Land ;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

Ife ene thraw away my Skeel,
 And gang nea mere to yonder fatal Brow,
 Where I was pleas'd sea weel,
 But now I feel mere ner others do :
 He took me by the wulling hand,
 And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad constant be
 When levingly we laid
 Under the shade of the Wulow-tree.

But ah ! when the Loon had deun,
 He nothing mere of Love cou'd shew ;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.
 My Weam now begins to fill,
 And seun the bonny Bird will crow,
 Tho' he has won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

A S O N G.





IN Courts, Ambition kills the Great;
 In Cities, strive for needlless Gain;
 Some do in Battels meet their Fate,
 But I by Love, by Love, am slain;
Phaeron by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vultures Pain;
 This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain.

Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,
 And build up Trophies to the Sky;
 My only Wish, ye Gods, I have,
 When at *Clorinda's* Feet I die:
 When I, like some, to Greatness born,
 To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
 That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
 And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd die.

A SONG.



T Here is one black and fallen hour,
 Which Fate decreed our Life should know ;
 Else we should fight Almighty Pow'r,
 Rapt with the Joys we find below.
 'Tis past, dear *Cynthia* ! now let Frowns be gone,
 A long long Penance I have done ;
 A long long Penance I have done,
 For Crimes alas ! to me unknown.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,
 Your Image in my Dreams appears ;
 I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
 Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears.
 Ah faithless charming Saint ! what will you do !
 Let me not think I am by you !
 Let me not think I am by you.
 Lov'd worse, lov'd worse, for being true..

A

A Dialogue between Philander, and Sylvia:



Philan. **I**N a Defart in *Greenland*,
Where the Sun ne'er casts an Eye,
In contempt of all the World,
I cou'd live with thee my Joy.

Sylvia. On the Sands of scorched *Africk*,
Where the Sun-burnt Natives fry;
Blest with thee my dear *Philander*,
I cou'd chuse to live and die.

Philan. No Nymph, with her fly subtle Art,
E'er shall have pow'r to steal my Heart
Thou art all in all in ev'ry part;
Each Vein of me shall ever be panting for love of thee.

Sylvia. No Swain with his Wit, Wealth, or Art,
E'er shall have pow'r to storm my Heart;
Thou art all in all in ev'ry part,
Each Vein of me shall ever be panting for love of thee.

The

*The Serenade, a Song in the Injur'd Princess or a fatal
Wager, Set by Colonal Pack.*



THe Larks awake the drouzy morn
 My dearest lovely *Cbloë* rise,
 And with thy dazling Rays adorn,
 The Ample World and Azure Skies:
 Each eye of thine out-shines the Sun,
 Tho dect in all his light,
 As much as he excells the Moon,
 Or each small twinkling Star at Noon,
 Or Meteor of the Night.

Look down and see your Beauty's power
 See, see the heart in which you reign ;
 No Conquer'd slave in Triumph bore,
 Did ever wear so strong a Chain :
 Feed me with smiles that I may live,
 I'll ne'er wish to be free ;
 Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
 Or Loves grateful bondage leave,
 For Immortality.

A S O N G.



Celia,



C*elia*, that I once was blest,
 Is now the torment of my breast;
 Since to cure me,
 You bereave me,
 Of the Pleasure I possess,
 Cruel Creature to deceive me,
 First to Love and then to leave me;
 Cruel Creature to deceive me,
 First to Love and then to leave me.

Had you the Blis refus'd to grant,
 I then had never known the want;
 But possessing,
 Once the Blessing,
 Is the cause of my complaint:
 Once possessing is but tating,
 'Tis no Blis that is not lasting.

Celia, now is mine no more,
 But I'm hers and must adore;
 Nor to leave her,
 Will endeavour,
 Charms that captiv'd me before,
 No unkindness can dis sever,
 Love that's true is love for ever.

A SONG.



FOr *Iris* I sigh and hourly die,
 But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye;
 She's Fickle and False, and there wee agree,
 Oh! these are the Virtues that Captivate me:
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,
 We mean not the taking for Better for Worse,
 When present we Love, when absent agree,
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me:
 The Legend of Love, no couple can find,
 So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.

A SONG



VV When *Aurelia* first I Courted,
 She had Youth and Beauty too;
 Killing Pleasures when she Sported,
 And her Charms were ever New:
 Conqu'ring Time does now deceive her;
 Which her Glories did uphold:
 All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
 Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The Airy Spirits which invited,
 Are retir'd, and move no more;
 And her Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore:
 Want of these abates her merits,
 Yet I've Passion for her Name:
 Only kind and Active Spirits
 Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

A SONG.



Happy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
 I minded not the Great Ones Fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthral,
I minded not, &c.

My only care was how to keep,
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
 But tho from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my Heart from Love protect.
But tho, &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
 That Loves like me of all the Swains;
 But I have learn'd now to my cost,
 That who Love's best must suffer most.
But I have, &c.

A S O N G.



IN the Shade, upon the Grass,
I Where Nymphs and Shepherds lye;
Will was courting of a Lass,
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by:
 Quoth *Will*, You will not tarry
 Two Months before you marry.
 Fye, no, fye, no, never, never tell me so;
 For a Maid I'll live and dye.
 Quoth *Nell*, So will not I.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
 With Kisses mixt between,
 With a Song he charm'd her Ears
 How Minds have alter'd been;
 Finding his Love grown stronger,
 For fear of staying longer,
 Cry'd, Good now, pray now, If you love me let me go,
 For fear you change my Mind,
 And leave my Heart behind.

A SONG.



Whilst



VWhilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars,
 And *Rome* foments the Christian Jars;
 Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars,
 And *Rome* foments the Christian Jars;
 Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
 And would repent her Crimes too late,
 And would re-pen—t her Crimes too late.

Here safe in my confin'd retreat,
 I see the Waves about me beat,
 And envy none, and envy none,
 That dare be great,
 Envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend;
 Help me my happy Hours to spend;
 Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,
 She turns my Prison to a Court.
 Instead of Guards by day and night,
 Let *Celia* still be in my Sight,
 And then they need not fear my flight,

Could sense of Servile fear prevail,
 Or could my Native Honour fail,
 Her sight would all my Doubts controul,
 And give me back my peaceful Soul.
 Such charming Truths her Words contain,
 Of if her Angel Voice refrain,
 Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

A S O N G.



THe Fire of Love in Youthfull Blood,
 Like what is kindled in brush Wood,
 But for a moment burns :
 Yet in that moment makes a mighty Noise,
 It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
 And soon it self, it self destroys,
 And soon it self, it self destroys.

But when crept into Aged Veins,
 It slowly burns, and long remains :
 And with a fullen Heat,
 Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long;
 And tho' the Flame be not so great,
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.

A SONG,



Farewel the Darling Shades I love,
 The calm retirement of my Life.
 Where Pleasures boundless as above,
 Free from all Envy, Noise, or Strife:
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains,
 Contentment there immortal reigns;
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains, &c.

Were I to choose what Fate denies,
 Could I command my Frowning Stars,
 Cities should in Confusion lie,
 E'er I'd embrace their restless Cares:
 Oh! that I might near gentle Streams,
 Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.

POEMS on several Occasions.

PROLOGUE, By Sir John Falstaff.

SEE *Britains*, see, one half before your Eyes,
Of the Old *Falstaff*, lab'ring to arise:
Curse on the frait-lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines,
None but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.

Once more my *English* Air I breath again,
And smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.
Now let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere;
Body o'me, the Ladies still are Fair;
The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Roba's* at the Bull:
But Supream *Jove*! what washy Rogues are here!
Are these the Sons of Beef and *English* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dream'd of Kine so Lean;
This comes of meagre Soop, and sowre Champeign.
Degenerate Race, let your old Sire advise,
If you desire to fill the Fair one's Eyes,
Drink Unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiss;
Till quite worn out with acting Beau's and Wits,
Your all sent crawling to the Gravel-pits;
Pretending Claps, there languishing you lie,
And like the Maids, of the Green-sickness die:

The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
We Robb'd and Ravish'd, but you Sigh and Toast.

But here I see a side-Box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho they're but Turnspits of the Mastiff kind. }
Half-bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungrel Curse,
Oons, which amongst you dare attempt a Purse?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
And let my Wit and Humour, meet Applause:
Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste,
Where *French* Buffoon's like honest *Swizzer* drest, }
Turns all good Fellowship to Farce and Jest.
Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage,
Let Mimicks and squeaking Eunuchs feel your Rage;
On such let your descending Scourge be try'd;
Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.

Richmond WELLS.

By Mr. Herbert.

B *Landusia*! Nymph of this fair Spring,
Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand;
Now gently wave your Sacred Wand,
And touch the yielding Mountains brow,
And let your healing Waters flow.

They

They cure the Thinking Matron's Spleen,
The longing Virgins sickly Green,
Cool the Good-Fellow's Glowing Veins,
And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky,
That spacious Valley yields the Fair,
Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
Delicious Villa's, sweetest Groves ;
Each thing in full maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With what Varieties the bright,
The noble Thames regales the Sight !
Cover'd with Barks, which Plenty brings,
The sweets of Zephyr's laden Wings.

His glyding by *Elysian* Fields,
In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields ;
And those so near fair watry Plains,
Where ride such Royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs I've seen with pleasing pain,
A long and bloody Fight maintain,
Ruffled and under Sail like *Jove*,
Stemming the stronger Tide of Love.

*The Inspir'd P O E T: or the Power of Love.
Sent in a Letter, from a Mean Person to
a Countess.*

REad fairest of the Graces, read my Lines,
Thou, that so justly with that Title shines.
Eet Love's soft Fire by degrees diffuse,
And warm your snowy Breast as you peruse.
Me the *Pierian* Sisters do approve,
Not one of all the Nine, disdains my Love.
A thousand Beauteous Nymphs have sought my Bed,
A thousand Girls challeng'd the Vows I made.
All, *Galatea*, were despis'd by me,
As soon as I had hopes of Bedding thee:
And if thou wilt thy Sacred Poet Wed,
The *Muses* shall adorn the Bridal Bed:
Orpheus shall strike his high resounding Wire,
And great *Apollo* touch his foster Lyre:
Clio shall be thy Hand-maid, and for State,
The *Graces* in thy Bed-Chamber shall wait.
But lest you should my Love condemn or jeer,
Something I have to whisper in your Ear:
On Mount *Parnassus* I've a little Farm,
'Twill match thy Portion, so there is no harm:
Here Ivy Lawrels grow, which crown my Themes,
And Wit's still flowing in my purling Streams.
From hence, the Glories of the World you see;
Parnassus tops are Paradise to me.
My way to Heaven's short, *Pegasus* flies,
And, free as Air, soon mounts me to the Skies.
Minerva has a noble Seat near mine,
So has *Apollo*, so the Sacred *Nine*.

Then,

Then, all the Poets my Companions are,
They, and sweet Musick, still my Spirits cheer :
Homer and *Virgil* in their turns rehearse ;
The two great Masters in Heroick Verse.
The Satyrift diverts, when scourging Knaves,
And sometimes he Corrects my Pils'ring Slaves.
Dear *Horace* makes me smile, my Spleen at height ;
His tickling Muse oft makes me Laugh out-right.
Musaëus, *Hero* and *Leander* sings,
And *Hesiod's* Verse relate most wondrous things :
Maro, *Theocritus* Pastoral Refines,
Pythagoras Morals draws in Golden Lines :
Blind Aged *Homer* bloody Battles writes,
Whilst youthful *Ovid Billet-deux* indites :
And *Mercury* from *Phæbus* came just now,
And brought these Lawrel Branches for thy Brow.
From *Nisa's* top, he's now a calling thee,
And summons all the Tribe of Poesie :
A Banquet for you Poets doe's prepare,
And rich old *Neëtar* crowns the Bill of Fare :
You've Water from the clear *Pegasean* Fount,
And thou shalt sleep on quiet *Cyrrha's* Mount.
Here Verse runs streaming from the Sacred Spring,
And when thou wak'st, thou wilt like *Emnius* Sing.
Orpheus, *Arion* will be here and Play,
And all the Nymphs and Satyrs dance the Hay.
This *Mercury* did grant at my desire,
And I will add thee to the *Muse's* Choir.
With Goddesses, thy Sociates, shalt thou play,
They shall be Bride-maids on the Wedding-day.
Clio and all her Sisters I'll invite,
Minerva too shall throw the Hose at Night.

Divine *Apollo* late did Visit me ;
My Cottage seem'd to please his Deity.
My Lawrel Crown was sent me by that God,
And *Mercury* for Scepter, left his Rod.

My House is on the Fam'd *Parnassus* Hill,
 Where my two Steeds, of *Nectar* drink their fill:
 A King I am ; in *Phœbis* reign, and sit
 On Great *Tibullus* Throne, that Prince of Wit.
Cyrrha's the Kingdom that's design'd for thee,
 And when we Bed, thou shalt be Queen of me :
 And when the Ivy Wreath's fix'd on thy Brow,
 The Nymphs shall frown and Envy as they Bow.
 In the same Chariot thou shalt with me ride,
 And *Pegasus* himself shall draw my Bride.
 He'll carry thee my Spouse, up to the Skies,
 Thou shalt be *Fallas* as the Chariot flies.
 As *Phœbus* through the World does dart his Rays,
 And from the Throne his Lucid Realms surveys :
 So through the Orbs, my Verse refulgent shines,
 All shall be full of my most dazzling Lines :
 My Fame shall last, Ages to come shall know it ;
 The self-same day shall end the *Sun* and *Poet*.
 Romantick Flames shall burn the Starry Plain,
 And Earth and Seas be *Chaos* once again.
 My Verse shall on the Gen'ral Pile Expire,
 Mine, and the World's, one Flame shall set on Fire.
 Angels shall mourn the Fate of this World's Frame,
 And snatch my Works from the devouring Flame.
 The drossy part of Earth, of Verse, consumes,
 The blest remains ascend in hallow'd Fumes.
 From Thunder, Lightning, are my Verses safe,
 The pointed Flame won't touch a Lawrel Leaf.
 The Teeth of Time, or Envy, or her Tongue,
 Have not the Power to do my Verses wrong.
 Then don't thy Lawrel'd Lover now refuse,
 Thou, dearer to me, than the dearest Muse.

Ex. Parnasse.

J. P.

To chuse a Friend, but never Marry.

By the Earl of *Rochester*.

TO all young Men that love to Woe,
To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too;
Draw near and Counsel take of me,
Your faithful Pilot I will be.
Kifs who you please, *Foan, Kate, or Mary,*
But still this Counsel with you carry,
Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
Knows not how to value thee:
She hath no Am'rous Passion, but
What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut*;
To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
She'll suffer thee, or any other,
Thus to Love her.

Her Daughter she's new come to Town,
In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown;
About her Neck a valued Prize,
A Necklace made of Whittings Eyes,
With Lift for Garters 'bove her Knee,
And Breath that smells of Firmity,
's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a care,
For if they catch you in their Snare,
You must as daily Labourers do,
Be still a shoving with your Plow:
If any rest you do require,
They then deceive you of your Hire,
and retire.

The

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
 Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
 For when you have Possession got
 Of *Venus* Mark, or Hony-pot,
 There's such a stir with Marry me,
 That one would half forswear to see

Any She.

If that thy Fancy do desire,
 A glorious out-side, rich Attire,
 Come to the Court, and there you'll find
 Enough of such to please your Mind,
 But if you get too near their Lap,
 You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
 Call'd a Clap.

With greasie painted Faces drest,
 With butter'd Hair and fucus'd Breast;
 Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
 Lips which a Million have them sipp'd:
 There's nothing got by such as these,
 But akes in Shoulders, pains in Knees,
 For your Fees.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be,
 Concern'd in Woman's Company,
 Make 't the Studies of thy Life
 To find a rich, young, handsome Wife,
 That can with much discretion be
 Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,
 Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
 Ten thousand Joys wrapt in a Kiss,
 And in th' Embraces of her Walle,
 A Million more of Pleasures taste.
 Who e'er would Marry that could be
 Blest with such Opportunity,
 Never me.

The

The Well-Featur'd L A S S.

THere are I know, Fools that do not care
Much for the Body, so the Face be Fair.
Some other Asses in a Female Creature,
Respect no Beauty, but a handsom Feature.
Each Man his Humour hath, and faith 'tis mine-
To love a Woman that I now define.
First, I would have her wrinkl'd Wainscot Face,
With Mouth from Ear to Ear, much like a Plaice ;
Her Nose I'd have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples red and blue, for such I love,
And at the end a comely pearl of Snot,
Consid'ring whether it should fall or not ;
Provided next her Teeth be rotted out,
I care not if her pretty pearly Snout
Meet with her Chin, and both of them together
Hem in her Lips, as dry as is Tann'd Leather :
She should have one Wall-eye, for that's a sign
In other Beasts the best, why not in mine ?
Let her Eye-brows be a Pent-house to her Face,
With Hair two Inches long, for th' better grace.
Her Neck I'd have to be pure Jet at least,
With yellow spots Enamel'd, and her Breast
Shrivel'd like two old Bottles made of Leather,
Yet they should loving be, and stick together.
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter, so
There be a Belly, and a thing below ;
Yet would I have it to be something high,
But always let there be a Timpany. •
Into her Legs let her good Humours fall,
And all her Calf into a gouty Small :

Her

Her Feet both short and thick, and neatly splay'd :
 Here's the Character of a handsom Maid.
 As for her Back-parts, I desire no more,
 If they but answer those which are before :
 I have what I desire ; and having so,
 Judge Reader, am I Happy, yea, or no ?

On a Woolf Sentenc'd.

THe Country People once a *Woolf* did take,
 That of their Sheep and Lambs did havock make ;
 Some Voted that he should be Crucifi'd,
 Others would have him in the Fire be fry'd,
 Some, to be hew'd in Pieces with a Sword,
 And to be thrown to Dogs, to be devour'd.
 Among the rest, one who unlucky fate
 Had dom'd to th' troubles of a married State,
 (The common lot of men) Oh ! Friends (says he)
 Lay by your forks and ropes that knotty be,
 The sword, the fire, the Guns, the cross, the whips,
 Are but slight Tortures, I have one out-strips
 All those, if you would punish him to th' Life,
 Fit for his Crimes, then *let him wed a Wife.*

Round

Round O.

Better our Heads than Hearts should ake,
Love's Childish Empire we despise :
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be Wife.
Wine sweetens all the cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War :
To Loves affliction it gives ease,
And to our Joys does best prepare.
Better our Heads, &c.

By Cleaveland.

IF you will be still,
Then tell you I will
Of a fusty old *Gill*,
That dwells under a Hill ;
She is a right Sage,
Well worn with Age,
And a Visage will swage
A stout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle-brow,
Deep Furrows anow ;
She's Ey'd like a Sow,
Flat Nos'd like a Cow ;
She has a Devilish Grin,
Long hairs on her Chin,
She's nearly a-kin
To the foul footed Fiend,

Teeth

Teeth yellow as Box,
 Half out with the Pox;
 Her breath sweet as socks,
 Or the scent of a Fox:
 Lips swarthy and dun,
 With a Mouth like a Gun,
 And her Twattle does run
 As swift as the Sun.

Hair lowzy with Nits,
 She stinks i'r h' Arm-pits,
 She still hawks and spits,
 And hems up great bits.
 She has long unpair'd Nails,
 Hands cover'd with scales,
 She's still full of ails,
 And to stink never fails.

Her back has a Hill,
 You may plant a Wind-mill,
 And the farts of this *Fill*,
 Would the Sails well *Frill*,
 I've taken my fill
 Of the fusty old *Fill*:
 Which she took to ill,
 That I laid down my Quill.



FINIS.



